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OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

It is not without significance that the plum-pudding bulks largely in our exports. There have been attempts to show that it is not English, that the ingredients are nearly all imported, that the brandy which burns blue is French. But if sultana raisins are not grown upon British soil, who cares? A great deal of mistletoe comes from France. What difference does that make to the lips which perform the Druidical rite? The latest sneer at the pudding is that it is no longer the home-made dainty that used to be the delight of housewives, but is produced by the ton at the confectioner's. This may take us a step nearer to the time when we shall order our dinners from the municipal cookshop, but it points to no decline in the consumption of plum-puddings. The confectioner speeds them all over the globe. The traveller in the desert no longer sits down to a repast of dates: he extracts a nice white basin from his saddle-bag, and feasts upon a solid dark-brown dainty which was made of heaven knows what in Oxford Street. There is no end to the strange things which are said to find their way into a plum-pudding. But what does that matter to the Medes, Elamites, and dwellers in Mesopotamia, to the people of every race and clime, who eat it, and are thankful?

I have eaten plum-pudding in a distant country, a pudding which had been sent over-sea from England, and was awaited with all that ardour of old-fashioned sentiment which is so strong at Christmas when you are far from home. Alas! the *chef* in the hotel had never seen a pudding like this before, and, because he was told to boil it, he sent it up in a tureen as a kind of soup. Luckily, the mail brought another pudding, and this was carefully boiled over a bed-room fire by a number of anxious cooks, who, strange to say, did not spoil it. I never knew a pudding which needed so much brandy. It was set on fire so often that at last we had to be reminded that our business was to eat, not to illuminate the town. My private opinion was, and is, that nobody cared much about it as a pudding, but that rather than admit this, we would have died. Somebody did suggest that it should be wrapped in a Union Jack and reverently buried; but this pleasantry nearly led to blows. The melancholy truth is that tobacco and advancing years disqualify most Englishmen for sound judgment upon plum-pudding, as pudding. They cheerfully envelop it with patriotic sentiment and the fumes of blazing alcohol, but you must not expect them to eat it with the relish of childhood. Indeed, to eat any kind of pudding may expose you to odium at your club. A zealous reformer, remarkable for his spiritual elevation, tried to introduce plain suet dumpling to gilded epicures. One of them, finding this plebeian dish on the club bill of fare, exclaimed, "Why not tripe?" The spiritual reformer is now reported to have begun life as a "cooter."

But the statistics of foreign trade prove that the plum-pudding is welcomed abroad on its own merits. In many French households it comes to table with the sweet champagne. Even the League of Patriots has not denounced it as an emissary of perfidious Albion, nor has the most ingenuous Anti-Semite discovered that its effect upon the digestion produces an impulse in favour of Dreyfus. If it were not for the sweet champagne I should be inclined to trust our plum-pudding as a beneficent agent of the *entente cordiale*. I read in the newspapers of a Frenchman who, after studying opinion here, has gone back to Paris to tell his countrymen that we have made up our minds to crush France, and take from her Algiers, Tunis, Madagascar, every colony she possesses. I doubt whether we would take Algiers as a gift, seeing the condition to which it has been reduced by a mediæval crusade against the Jews. But how comes it that a French student of the British mind is persuaded that we mean to despoil his country? How is it that millions of Frenchmen (for whom the lunatic asylums gape in vain) believe that the German Emperor wrote a letter to Dreyfus? I can tell you: it is all on account of the sweet champagne! That fatal liquor appears towards the end of a French dinner, and the patriot, swallowing effervescent sugar, is at once the victim of a disordered imagination. Dry champagne, which might preserve his mental balance, he dismisses as fit only for barbarians, and with the famous logic of his nation he argues that a sweet wine should always companion sweetmeats. After that, why seek further to explain the vagaries of M. Brunetière, who is compared by a sagacious reviewer in one of our literary journals to Mr. Leslie Stephen!

It may be questioned whether the importation of mistletoe signifies a growing attachment to the Druidical rite. I am told that kissing, even among the young, is in a decline. When I was a youthful ritualist, a favourite game at the evening parties of boys and girls was "Shy Willy." A girl sat on a music-stool, in the middle of the room; boys approached her diffidently, she luring them on, and then turning her back upon them while the spectators jeered the rejected; then a favoured suitor presented himself, was rapturously kissed, and took his place on the stool to play the same comedy with the girls. This unabashed sweethearts, I learn from statisticians,

is now discouraged by parents and guardians. In America, on the other hand, kissing has become a national tribute to valour. Lieutenant Hobson is said to have been kissed by seven hundred ladies in Kansas before the Navy Department, stung with jealousy, ordered him to Manila. What do the depreciation of naval and military ideals make of this? Despite all the yearnings after Tolstoyism, and all the prophecies of the regeneration of man by women's suffrage, you have this striking exposition of the old-fashioned notion that the manly quality most admired by woman is courage in battle. For sinking the *Merrimac* at the risk of almost certain death, young Hobson, but for the intervention of the Navy Department, might have kissed all the pretty women in the United States. In our cold island this form of hero-worship is not practised, and the youngest and most fearless lieutenant who ever wore a British uniform might make the world ring with his name without enjoying this startling and original variant of Hobson's choice.

It has been suggested that American women, as portrayed in Mr. Dana Gibson's drawings, are too majestic to be kissed indiscriminately in public, even by the hero of the *Merrimac*. The Gibson type of beauty is enormously tall and rather freezing. In one picture, half-a-dozen young goddesses are retiring from a dining-room, while some abject specimens of manhood are grovelling on the floor in search of dropped handkerchiefs and fans. It is incredible that any of these young women would submit to be kissed by anybody short of the Apollo Belvedere, and yet, as Mr. Gibson traces their social history, he suggests that they are full of feminine weaknesses. The American girl is athletic; golf and tennis counteract in the development of her figure the ravages of early candy; she is brought up in a social atmosphere which the British chaperon would not describe as conventional; her mind is open to all the emancipating influences of truly democratic institutions; and yet she is as far from asserting the equality of the sexes as the most conservative spinster in Britain. A young man does a man's work by the sinking of the *Merrimac*, and as he happens to be good-looking, with a stock of agreeable impudence, he is voted the privileges of a god, and kisses whomsoever he pleases. In one of his Wessex poems Mr. Hardy describes how an old lady, who used to royster in her youth with the "King's Own Cavalry," feels the "springtide blood" in her veins the night they are giving a ball—

She rose, and rayed, and decked her head
To hide her ringlets thin;
Upon her cap two bows of red
She fixed with hasty pin;
Unhurried, descending to the street,
She trod the flags with tune-led feet,
And stood before the Inn.

There she dances with the best of them. When will the suffrage of feminine hearts abolish cavalrymen and naval lieutenants?

A correspondent who has a severe fit of arithmetic writes to me: "Will you have the goodness to make it plain to divers misled persons that the year 1899 will not be the last year of the nineteenth century?" They seem to think that the twentieth century will begin with 1900. It cannot begin till Jan. 1, 1901. The end of the present century must mean the completion of nineteen hundred years. For a simple illustration let us go back to the year One. From Jan. 1 in that year to Dec. 31, 99, was just ninety-nine years, not a hundred. The second century began on Jan. 1, 101. Or take a young man who comes of age. He is twenty-one on the day which ends his twenty-first year. It would be just as sensible to assert that he was one year old the day he was born, and entered upon his second year the next day, as it is to assert that Jan. 1, 1900, is the beginning of the twentieth century, when it is really the first day of the last year of the nineteenth." My correspondent is very positive. I never dogmatise even about figures, and must leave others to dispute with him; but it does seem a plausible statement that, as a century consists of a hundred years, it must end with the hundredth.

But most people are so eager for the end of the nineteenth century that they may proclaim it a year too soon, in spite of arithmetic. There is a touching delusion in some minds that the dawn of the twentieth century will illuminate many vexatious problems. Others reason as if theirs were the accumulated despondency of a hundred years, which will fall from them like a Pilgrim's burden when a brand-new century gilds the spheres. Surly philosophers will urge that a new pack of cards does not change the world, nor a new ball in the spinning roulette-wheel; that, at any rate, a new century is much the same as a new year or a new penny. In the "Wessex Poems" a man at a wedding imagines the "high-purposed children" that would have dowered the world if he could have wedded the bride. Why complain to Fortune?

What will she answer? That she does not care
If the race all such sovereign types unknowns.

I think her answer would be that she produces these sovereign types, often from the least purposeful of fathers and mothers, in every century. And if, for the twentieth, she were to hand over the management of the business entirely to mankind, I doubt whether we should make a better job of it.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, with her daughters, the Empress Frederick, Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and the children of the last-mentioned Princess, at Osborne, Isle of Wight, kept their family Christmas on Sunday, attending divine service in the private chapel, conducted by the Rev. Canon Duckworth. On Saturday Princess Henry of Battenberg distributed prizes to the school-children of Whippingham Church. The Marquis of Lorne has been a guest at Osborne with the royal family.

The Prince of Wales went to Sandringham on Friday, and with the Princess of Wales, Princess Victoria of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of York, and the Duke and Duchess of Fife, who came on Saturday, has kept his Christmas at home. Their Royal Highnesses on Saturday attended the opening service at Sherborne Church after its restoration, the Dean of Norwich preaching. There was a distribution of prime joints of beef to the labourers and cottagers of Sandringham. The Princes and Princesses on Sunday were at the Christmas Day service conducted by the Rev. Canon Hervey in the Church of St. Mary Magdalene in Sandringham Park.

Christmas in London was celebrated as usual with special services in St. Paul's Cathedral (Dean Gregory preaching) and in Westminster Abbey (Dean Bradley), at the Chapel Royal of St. James's Palace and the Savoy, and at other churches and chapels, the Bishop of London preaching at Fulham, and the Bishop of Rochester at St. Saviour's, Southwark. In some instances, the churches were decorated; there was choral music with anthems. On Monday the inmates of most of the union and parish workhouses, hospitals, and asylums, in the twenty different Poor-law areas of the metropolitan district, except in a few cases on Saturday, were regaled with a good dinner and Christmas pudding. The Queen and the Prince of Wales and the Duchess of York sent gifts of game, linen, and other comforts to the chief London hospitals. There were Christmas feasts for the soldiers at the Wellington Barracks and elsewhere—at Windsor, Chatham, Portsmouth, Dover, and other garrison stations. The weather on Sunday was bright in the morning, dry, and not cold for this season, with mild southerly wind. Multitudes of passengers on the railways, going to keep their Christmas holidays in the country, immense extra goods traffic in eatable supplies for London, and Post Office parcels to the amount of one million and a quarter during the week, besides an incalculable number of Christmas cards, have made work enough in public conveyance and delivery upon this occasion.

At the funeral of the late Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, on Dec. 22, at the Jewish Cemetery, West Ham, five other Barons Rothschild, Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, the Earl of Rosebery, Lord Battersea, Mr. Goldsmid, and others connected with the family, were present. The Prince and Princess of Wales attended the memorial service held simultaneously by the Chief Rabbi at the Central Synagogue in Great Portland Street, with representatives of the Queen and of the Duke of Connaught.

A fresh instance of the splendid munificence and practical benevolence of the great Dublin firm and family of Guinness has been made known by the announcement of Lord Iveagh's gift of £250,000 to the Jenner Institute, communicated through Lord Lister and Sir Henry Roscoe, for the endowment of researches in biology and physiology tending to the discovery of noxious bacteria, and to the prevention of their baneful effects in various epidemic diseases. The fund is to be administered by a Board of Trustees representing the donor, the Jenner Institute, and the Royal Society. Lord Iveagh is said to intend devoting an equal sum of money to the sanitary improvement of the most unhealthy slums of Dublin, and to the erection of good and cheap dwellings for the labouring classes.

The Commander-in-Chief, Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley, last week inspected the Royal Military Staff College at Sandhurst, accompanied by Generals Sir Redvers Buller and Sir E. Markham, the Governor, and Colonel Miles; he made a speech to the cadets. On the next day Lord Wolseley inspected the Royal Military Engineers' Academy at Woolwich.

There has been little political speaking in the past week. Mr. A. J. Balfour, at the anniversary dinner of the Edinburgh Merchant Company, the Marquis of Londonderry at a Hartlepool dinner of Unionists, Mr. Gerald Balfour at Keighley, Mr. Bryce at the Leicester Chamber of Commerce, claimed in support of the Government some credit for the satisfactory position of national affairs.

The conference of head masters of public schools has taken place at Shrewsbury, resolving that the projected Government Department of Secondary Education should be distinct and separate from the Elementary Education Department, and that measures should be adopted to guard against mercenary competition for scholarships.

A fresh judicial inquiry has been ordered by the Board of Trade concerning the wreck of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steam-ship *China* near the entrance to the Red Sea; it will be held at the High Court of Justice.

The coroner's local inquest, in Cornwall, upon the death of some of the American passengers drowned by the wreck of the Atlantic steam-ship *Mohegan*, in Falmouth Bay, has terminated with a verdict censuring the deceased captain and officers of that ship for "carelessness and irregular navigation."

Medals of honour and money rewards have been given at Liverpool to the captain, officers, and crew of the steamer *Vedmore*, which rescued the greater part of the crew of the *Londonian* when that ship foundered in the Atlantic Ocean.

Sir Henry Hawkins, retiring from the Bench of Judges of the High Court of Justice after twenty-two years, will take leave of the Bench and Bar at the first sitting of Hilary Term.

The Imperial Penny Post rate for letters to and from Canada, Newfoundland, the West Indies, British West Africa, Gold Coast, and East Africa, Natal, Ceylon, India,

the Straits Settlements, Hong-Kong, and many other colonial possessions of Great Britain, has come into operation this week. It does not yet extend to the Cape Colony, or to Australia and New Zealand.

The new Commander of the Channel Squadron, Vice-Admiral Sir Harry Rawson, hoisted his flag on Dec. 20 on board H.M.S. *Majestic* at Portsmouth.

Commencing with the New Year, travellers via the Brighton Railway Company's Newhaven and Dieppe route to the Riviera will have the advantage of registering their baggage on through tickets to destination. This facility also extends to the Italian frontier stations on the P. L. M. Railway, and should tend to the still greater popularity of the Newhaven service, which is not only the cheapest but the most picturesque route to the Riviera.

The French Chamber of Deputies on Dec. 22, by 451 votes to 45, passed the ratification of the commercial treaty with Italy. A Bill for enabling soldiers to vote at political elections was rejected by a very large majority. M. Dupuy, the Prime Minister, has been authorised by a decree of the President to give evidence before the Court of Cassation in the Dreyfus case. At a Christmas Eve dinner of the English Chamber of Commerce in Paris, Mr. Robertson, the President, spoke of the amicable relations between the two nations and of the Queen's approaching visit to the South of France.

The Spanish Prime Minister, Señor Sagasta, has been seriously unwell, but it is expected that, upon his recovery, a stronger Government may be formed, to which General Weyler may possibly be joined.

The American Commissioners lately negotiating with the Spanish Commissioners in Paris the terms of the treaty of peace have returned to Washington, and on Saturday presented their report to President McKinley.

Prince George of Greece arrived in Crete on Dec. 21 on board a French war-ship, saluted by the flag-ships of England, France, Russia, and Italy, in Suda Bay, landed there and went to Canea, where he was received as High Commissioner of the European Powers for the government of the island. He attended a "Te Deum" service at the Greek Orthodox Cathedral, and afterwards received the chiefs of the Christian and Mussulman population at Government House, promising to rule impartially for the welfare equally of both. He is to hold office, in the first instance, for a term of three years. The four Admirals have issued a proclamation enjoining the Cretans to loyal obedience and peaceful behaviour. The fleet of the four Powers left Crete on Dec. 26.

In the Philippine Islands General Otis, of the United States army, has assumed military command, assuring the natives that everything shall be done for their greatest benefit. Several of the islands are still held by armed bands of insurgents, who demand independence. A vessel of war has been sent to the Caroline Islands.

It is expected in America that the United States Government will speedily approach that of Great Britain with a request to open negotiations for abrogating the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty and furthering the construction of the Nicaragua Ship Canal.

In the Transvaal great excitement among the English people at Johannesburg has been caused by a man named Edgar being shot dead by a constable, under what circumstances is not yet known. The constable was charged with murder, but was committed for trial on the charge of manslaughter, or "culpable homicide," and was admitted to bail. Indignation meetings have been held, and an address sent to the High Commissioner of the Queen.

Lord Curzon of Kedleston is expected to arrive at Calcutta on Jan. 3, and will assume office as Viceroy of India on the 6th, the day of Lord Elgin's departure to return to England.

At Constantinople the assassination of Gani Bey, an Albanian Colonel belonging to the Sultan's body-guard, by Hafiz Pasha, an official of the Court and Government, on account of a private quarrel, is the most notable recent scandal. Gani Bey was notorious for acts of cruelty and rapacity in Epirus last year. M. Constans, a French Senator and ex-Minister, has been appointed French Ambassador to Turkey.

France has asked the Chinese Government to cede, sell, or lease a portion of land desired for the extension of the French settlement at Shanghai, which request is opposed by the British and United States Ambassadors.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE ANGLO-SAXON.
The verses appended are adaptations of two of the best-known specimens of early Anglo-Saxon verse. They are sent from Mr. H. W. L. Butterfield, an American gentleman, who has devoted himself to the study of early English. At this time, when the King Alfred Celebration is approaching, they will not be without interest.

CEDMON'S HYMN. (Circa 737 A.D.)

Now must we magnify the Lord, the Lord of a heavenly realm,
Lord of might, Creator-King, and His high thought,
Conceived of the Father, and gloriously wrought: of
wonders all

Impenetrable Cause, their deep foundations wide He laid;
For the children of men, the dome of Heaven first He shaped;
Then, Guardian Omnipotent, God of life, the Earth He made,
And thus for man, for puny man, a world prepared.

THE SWAN. (From *Cynewulf's Riddles*.)

Silent is my robe when I tread the earth,
Or dwell in the dale, or drive along the flood;
But melodiously sound my fretted wings
When me this air, these trappings raise
High o'er the bowers of men: a loft
Am I borne far and wide by the strength of the clouds;
Louly my rustling pennons sigh,
Gaily they sing, when, faring at last,
No longer I rest on field or on flood.

MUSIC.

Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch has brought his winter series of concerts to a close, and concluded with a programme of singular merit and distinction. John Sebastian Bach was the hero of the evening, and it was, of course, delightful to hear his amazing and wonderful work played upon the instruments for which it was designed. Designed—that is the only word possible; for, indeed, all Bach's work is reminiscent of the most purely pictorial design imaginable. It is to be hoped that Mr. Dolmetsch will secure ample patronage for his work in this particular groove for the future. His industry is no less astonishing than the extraordinary devotion and spirit which he throws into his undertakings. Moreover, he is a man of humour. Is it possible ever to forget his little lecture on the Birmingham Festival edition of Purcell's "King Arthur"?

Concerts of a more or less average merit have brought the Christmas music season to an end. The Royal Amateur Orchestral Society's concert of last week was rather in the nature of a smart social function than of a notable musical event. The Duke of Cambridge honoured the Queen's Hall with his presence on the occasion, and pleasant music was sung and was played. It was not, as we have said, an evening when great and remarkable ideas in art were developed; but it was agreeable, and that is all that need be said about the matter.

Mr. Alfred Schulz-Curtius continues to pursue the even tenor of his way in respect of his Festival Theatre. We have the information from him that his plans are rapidly coming to completion, and that with the New Year he will be able to announce a definite and fully planned scheme. Of course, Wagner's works will primarily be the excuse for the building of such a theatre, but it is not intended that Wagner should hold a monopoly. Mr. Schulz-Curtius purposes that Shakspere shall also find a home in his theatre, which can also be utilised for musical festivals on the largest scale. Such a house in London used for such purposes would seem to herald a kind of artistic revolution in the land.

The pantomime does not belong to these notes on music, but one word should be set down about the charming selection which Mr. Oscar Barrett has made for his "Dick Whittington" at the Adelphi Theatre. One dance in particular, in which the principal dancer throws from herself garment after garment to a circle of children, is altogether conceived upon the best plane of art. The music chosen for this particular episode is from the loom of Tschaikowsky, and in the circumstances it sounds peculiarly, even startlingly, well.

In an article entitled "At the Sign of the Potter's Wheel," which appeared in these columns on Dec. 10, it was stated that Phillips's, the well-known china house, had bought up the stock of "Mortlock's, in Regent Street." Messrs. Mortlocks, Limited, 466, 468, 470, Oxford Street, wish us to say that the business bought by Phillips's was that of William Mortlock and Sons, of Regent Street, and not that of Mortlocks, Limited, which is quite a separate firm.

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THE PANTOMIME OF "DICK WHITTINGTON" AT THE ROYAL ADELPHI THEATRE.



OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

SHERNBOURNE CHURCH.

A large party from Sandringham, including the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of York, Princess Victoria of Wales, and Prince Alexander of Teck, went, the day before Christmas Day, to the reopening service of Shernbourne Church. Like other churches on the Sandringham property, with the exception of that actually situated within the park, the church at Shernbourne—a village named after a family that resided there for seven hundred years—was out of repair when the Prince of Wales bought the property. It has been his task to contribute to the work of restoration; indeed, in some cases to supply nearly the whole of the cost. The restoration of Shernbourne Church, which is built of flint in the Early English style, to something of its ancient state has been no light task, and its completion was celebrated by a special service, at which the Dean of Norwich preached from the text: "I will consider the days of old." Canon Hare and the Rev. F. Girling, Vicar of Shernbourne, were among the other clergy present, and Mr. Cross, the organist from Sandringham, played the organ.

LORD IVEAGH AND THE JENNER INSTITUTE.

At a time when the whole theory and practice of vaccination are threatened by a wave of popular opinion, the scientific men who believe thoroughly in the new era in medicine which Jenner opened up and which Pasteur and Koch have developed, feel heartened by the magnificent gift of £250,000 which Lord Iveagh has given to the Jenner (formerly the British) Institute of Preventive Medicine. The central part of the Institute is at Chelsea, while the making of the anti-toxin is carried on at a farm at Sudbury, near Harrow. The Institute was founded a few years ago in a very unpretentious way, and under the guiding care of Lord Lister, Sir Henry Roscoe, and other scientific men of first-rate reputation, it has grown slowly but surely, as the best British institutions have done at first, quite independent of the State. It has suffered from lack of funds, but none the less has it prospered until now, through Lord Iveagh's munificence, its future is assured. Lord Iveagh's gift puts research in bacteriology and other forms of biology in this country on a satisfactory basis. Part of the money will be spent on enlarging the buildings at Chelsea and increasing "the at present sadly inadequate salaries of the director and other members of the scientific staff." Another portion of the gift goes to the expenses of administration and maintenance, and the remainder chiefly to founding valuable Fellowships and studentships for research either in the laboratories of the Institute or in centres of outbreaks of disease. The conditions on which these Fellowships and studentships may be held, are not yet determined. Lord Lister and Sir Henry Roscoe, who have borne the labour of the day, may indeed be proud of the great gift which will make the establishment compare favourably with others in different parts of the world.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE FORTY THIEVES," AT DRURY LANE.

It is pleasant to be able to repeat in something more than the conventional fashion the time-honoured formula that this year the Drury Lane manager has surpassed all

previous records. No spectacle so gorgeous and so aesthetically perfect as the Porcelain Ballet has been presented at the Lane within ordinary memory. Conceive a series of steps reaching almost to the summit of the stage, over which runs a cascade of real water, illuminated by a constantly revolving and ever-changing mass of electric lights underneath. Imagine before this background troop after troop of dancers representing every

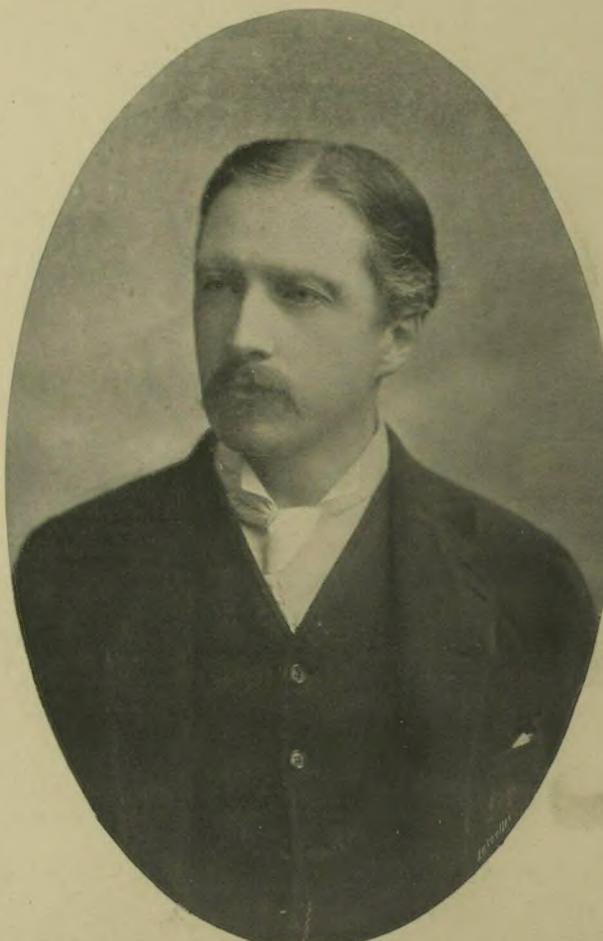
discover such notabilities as Zola, Dreyfus, Estherhazy, Kitchener, Grace, and Dan Leno, but suddenly find the escaped animals masters of the situation, and all the humans locked up in cages. Great sport, too, are the quaint Ali Baba of Mr. Danvers and the Cogia of Miss Lillie Belmore. Wisely, Mr. Arthur Collins has remembered to engage capable vocalists. Shapely Miss Nellie Stewart not only sings music-hall melodies vivaciously, but can also deliver a sentimental ballad with charm and feeling; while the Morgiana, Miss Amelia Stone, was promising a pretty performance when illness compelled her to surrender her part to a satisfactory substitute. Fine scenic effects, tasteful Persian dresses, capable dancing, and Mr. Glover's vivacious score all help to obtain another success for Mr. Collins; but it is his matchless Porcelain Ballet that is the distinguishing feature of the "Forty Thieves" annual.

"DICK WHITTINGTON," AT THE ADELPHI.

Gay music, pretty costumes, pleasant scenery, and a capable company—all these essentials Mr. Oscar Barrett has secured for his Adelphi production of the romance of "Dick Whittington." And yet, somehow, he seems to have fallen between the two stools of poetic fancy and music-hall vulgarity. There are here pretty pageants: fourteenth-century Cheapside and Oriental Morocco; there are garish processions: a Lord Mayor's Show, and a barbaric ballet. And yet the City Companies in silks and satins, and the Eastern Court in the boldest of colour harmonies, scarcely atone for a certain lack of vitality and variety. Mr. Barrett, in fact, allows his entertainment occasionally to grow dull. There is a plethora of sentimental ditties and tedious songs from the "halls": his comedians grow tiresome, and have still to work up their comic business; a child is put to sing a silly naval ballad, and the ridiculous and discredited system of floral tributes is permitted a reappearance. The story is followed closely, with all its details of Highgate, the Shipwreck, the Kingdom of Morocco and its Rats, the Exploits of the Cat, and Dick's Marriage with Alice; yet it is but at an ambling trot at which the play proceeds, and no particular "hit" is made by the performers. True, Miss Amy Augarde sings songs of every pattern in the hero's rôle; and Miss Marie Montrose makes a pretty and prettily dressed Alice. True, Mr. Edward Davis, the Idle Jade, and Mr. Fred Eastman, the Cook, are all the more funny for adhering to Mr. Horace Lennard's text. The whole company, in fact, works zealously, and so provides no little amusement; but Mr. Barrett should make up his mind which "Dick Whittington" is to be: a fairy tale or a music-hall farce; and should determine—as his choice seems for the latter—to breathe into his first Adelphi pantomime more riotous and spontaneous mirth. The pretty show must be made a merrier one.

"ALICE" AGAIN AT THE OPERA COMIQUE.

Since Lewis Carroll's famous stories of "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking-Glass" were fashioned a dozen years ago into an admirable dream-play by Mr. Savile Clarke, a new generation of children has grown up equally anxious, let us hope, to make acquaintance with the dead humorist's fantastic creation. And surely there is no reason why, with Mr. Walter Slaughter to conduct his own charming score and a capitally drilled company to interpret the topsy-turvy but delightful nonsense of Mr. Dodgson's genius, the youngsters of to-day should be as anxious as their predecessors to see in the flesh the Carpenter and the Walrus, the White Rabbit and the Hatter, Tweedledum and Tweedledee, and the adventurous, curious, and courteous little heroine herself. No better rendering can be desired than that provided by Messrs. Sedger and Eliot's spirited performers. Little Miss Rose Horsec—the new Alice—is a bright child who acts intelligently, sings prettily, and dances very neatly, and she is but one of many clever young artists; while grown-ups like Messrs. Cheeseman, Murray King, Arthur Eliot, and Miss Barth no less happily appreciate the graceful inconsequence of their author. F. G. B.



Photograph by Chancellor, Dublin.

WHO HAS GIVEN £250,000 TO THE JENNER INSTITUTE OF PREVENTIVE MEDICINE.

tint of porcelain, Oriental, and all the many varieties ranging in colour from silver, light blue, and pink, to purple and black, and concluding with a magnificent display of the delicate hues of Dresden china; and then fancy, amid such a dazzling scene of beauty, the graceful motions (in old-gold costumes) of the Grigolatis, aerial dancers, and so you will have complete stage-picture that baffles description. All this, however, may seem to have little enough connection with the story of "The Forty Thieves." But the fun has commenced long ago when Mr. Dan Leno appears furnished with fierce moustaches, an abnormal red-feathered hat, and a preposterous property mare as Captain of the Thieves. His mock troubadour serenade, accompanied by a dummy guitar, provokes wildest laughter, and abbreviations are only necessary to make his conduct of a comic board meeting, a drunken escapade in a hotel, a visit to the Zoo, and a raid on Newgate Prison equally diverting. Mr. Leno is ably seconded by his constant companion at Old Drury, Mr. Herbert Campbell, a comedian of considerable girth, who is attired this time in Turkish trousers as the "Fair Zuleika." From his entrance in a Salvationist bonnet, suggesting an inevitable burlesque of Miss Edna May's "Belle of New York," Mr. Campbell's rascous but genial humour is ever acceptable. Perhaps later in the season one of the drollest moments of the pantomime will be the Zoo episode, in which these two comedians not only



Photograph by Bedford Lemere and Co.

THE BACTERIOLOGICAL LABORATORY OF THE JENNER INSTITUTE.



Photograph by Bedford Lemere and Co.

THE JENNER INSTITUTE OF PREVENTIVE MEDICINE AT CHELSEA.

PERSONAL.

Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Napier Miles, who has succeeded to the command of the 1st Life Guards, of which he has been for some time second in command, is still in the prime of life, and is a very popular figure in and out of military society. Colonel Miles is a member of the well-known Miles family, one branch of which has sent so many members to Parliament for Bristol, and holds a baronetcy. He served with distinction in Egypt in 1882, and rose to the rank of Major in 1893.

The death of Sir William Anderson, the Director-General of Ordnance Factories, which took place at his official residence, Woolwich Arsenal, was not unexpected, for he had been an invalid for nearly a year. The son of an English merchant settled in Russia, by Frances, daughter of Mr. Robert Simpson, he was born in St. Petersburg in 1835, was educated there with some distinction, and had conferred on him the freedom of the city. For ten years—from 1855 to 1864—he was a partner in the Dublin firm of Courtney and Stephens, chief contractors of fittings for railways. Then he joined the London firm of Easton and Amos, which became, in time, Easton and Anderson, and he supervised the building of their new works at Erith. From Mr. Stanhope he had his appointment as Director-General of Ordnance Factories, and he was also a Fellow of the Royal Society, a President of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers, and an Honorary D.C.L. of Durham University.

The telegraph-wires have been called "the nerves of London"; and Sir Sandford Fleming, with his scheme for

College. The institution cannot but gain from having at its head an educational expert of unrivalled experience, of independent mind, and of great force of character. Mr. Sharpe had a distinguished career at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took a Double First. He afterwards became Fellow and Lecturer of Christ's, but his main work has been done in connection with the Education Department. Mr. Sharpe is a broad-minded educationist, of wide attainments, under whom the College should grow in favour.

Mr. George Hurst, who has been five times Mayor of Bedford, died on Boxing Day at the age of ninety-eight. He had been actively associated with Bedford municipal life for very many years. He joined the corporation in 1831, and served almost without a break up to 1892. His remarkable energy is indicated by the fact that up to within a short time of his death he attended most of the civic functions. He had long retired from business. He went to Bedford in 1826, after serving an apprenticeship in London, and he had seen Bedford progress from very modest dimensions to a town of some 40,000 inhabitants.

The death is announced of Professor Alfredo Antunes Kanthack, who for the last year has held the chair of Pathology in Cambridge University—a chair which yields its holder £800 a year, but prohibits him from private practice. Born in Brazil in 1863, he was educated in Germany, and studied also at University College, Liverpool, at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and at St. John's College, Cambridge. He held the Jacksonian prize of the Royal College of Surgeons, was a John Lucas Walker

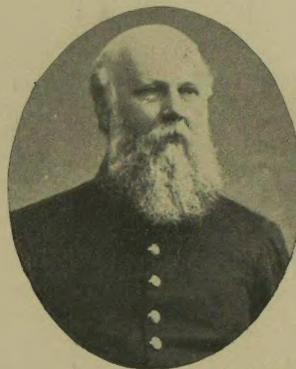
Chamber applauded vehemently, and voted by an overwhelming majority that the Premier's speech should be placarded through France and Algeria. It will have little effect in Algiers, which the Anti-Semites have made a pandemonium, unless the Government is determined to enforce the law. And what are the principles of 1789 to do for justice in France if Drumont and his criminal gang are not checked in their campaign against the Supreme Court and the Republic? The subscription-list for Madame Henry is an open defiance of the Constitution. M. de Freycinet has ordered the arrest of subaltern officers who subscribe to this treason, but he does not arrest the Generals—above all, General Mercier.

The Supreme Court has begun to investigate the famous *dossier*, thus leaving no basis for the assertion that the real proofs of the guilt of Dreyfus have not been examined. It is believed in Paris that revision is certain. The judges have made up their minds about Henry and Esterhazy, the real traitors. They ought to get some useful information from Decrion, the spy who organised sham Anarchist explosions and concocted documents. He had relations with Colonel Schwartzkoppen, and Colonel Panizzardi is probably the hero of that "canaille de D—," which was supposed to refer to Dreyfus.

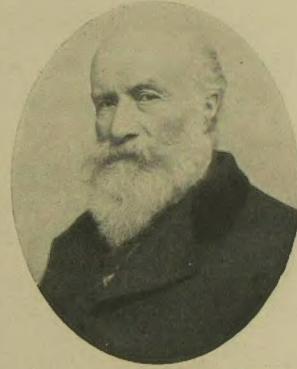
The prosecution of Professor Delbrück by the Prussian Government is roundly denounced by nearly every organ of German opinion. Professor Delbrück is an eminent scholar who claims the right of a free citizen to criticise the expulsion of Danish servant-girls from Northern Schleswig. He says such a policy is abhorrent to the



Photograph by Mau and Fox.
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL C. N. MILES.



Photograph by Mau and Fox.
THE LATE SIR WILLIAM ANDERSON.



Photograph by Elliott and Fry.
SIR SANDFORD FLEMING.



Photograph by Bellingham.
LIEUTENANT W. ST. A. WAKE.



Photograph by Elliott and Fry.
THE REV. T. W. SHARPE,
New Principal of Queen's College, Harley Street.



Photograph by Drury Sloane, Bedford.
THE LATE MR. GEORGE HURST,
Five times Mayor of Bedford.



Photograph by Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE PROFESSOR KANTHACK.



Photograph by Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE MR. STEPHEN JACOB.

an Empire Cable, wishes to make England the great centre of a nervous system extending through the Empire. A short time ago it fell to the lot of Sir Sandford to prepare the practical estimates for a cable connecting Canada with Australia, and he now comes forward with a more all-inclusive proposition. He wants an Empire Cable that will measure 23,000 knots and will cost nearly £6,000,000. With the exception of Gibraltar and Malta, every point of England's foreign possessions will thus be brought into touch with the home country and with each other. Sir Sandford proposes State ownership and a low tariff; and he is said to have secured already the approving smile of Mr. Chamberlain. Even the Chancellor of the Exchequer may forbear to frown when he hears that Canada and Australia will provide large funds, reducing England's share of the cost to a third or a fourth of the whole.

Short and scrappy as have been the tidings of recent fighting in Nigeria, they have clearly indicated the bold stand made against the rebellious tribes in the Hinterland of Benin by the bearers of the Royal Niger Company's standard. In the middle of November, as we have only lately learned, Lieutenant William St. Aubyn Wake, of the 2nd Middlesex Rifles, boldly attacked and took the town of Iselpatima. The losses of the Company's Hausa troops were seven killed; and Lieutenant Wake himself, as well as Lieutenant Williams, of the South Wales Borderers, were among the slightly wounded. The native losses were 150 killed. Lieutenant Wake was born in 1871, and had his commission in 1894.

Queen's College, Harley Street, has found a new Principal in the Rev. T. W. Sharpe, the retired Chief Inspector of the Education Department. Mr. Sharpe had recently been appointed Professor of Theology at the

student at Cambridge, a lecturer on Pathology at St. Bartholomew's, and a member of the Leprosy Commission in India. He was a valued contributor to the literature of medicine, and Cambridge conferred on him the degree of Master of Arts.

Mr. Stephen Jacob, the Comptroller-General of Indian Finance, has met his death in Calcutta from dysentery. Entering the Civil Service in 1871, he acted as assistant magistrate and collector in the Central Provinces and Bengal. Then in 1882 he was appointed Under Secretary to the Finance Department, rising nine years later to be Comptroller and Auditor-General and Head Commissioner of Paper Currency. He acted as secretary to the Finance and Commerce Department, 1892-94; and in 1895 he was deputed to give evidence in England before the Royal Commission on Indian Expenditure.

A story concerning the Queen has been contradicted by Lord Rosebery. Her Majesty was reported by a provincial gossip to have begged Lord Rosebery, when he resigned the leadership of the Liberal Party, "not to turn Conservative." Now the Queen is a most discerning judge of men, and who of all people must know that there is not the smallest likelihood of Lord Rosebery's doing any such thing. It is suggested that the Queen is perturbed by the prospect that all the aristocracy will join the Conservatives, and so stimulate the democracy to dangerous schemes. The democracy, as it happens, is perfectly tranquil in this country. There is no demand here for threashakers.

M. Dupuy must be not a little astonished by the success of his fiery denunciation of Anti-Semitism. He rose in the Chamber and stigmatised Drumont and all Drumont's works as hostile to the principles of 1789. And the

civilised world. Nothing annoys arbitrary bureaucrats so much as this invocation of a judgment which is beyond their jurisdiction. So Professor Delbrück is charged with a crime against the State. This is the kind of foolish persecution which is undermining the German Empire.

A curious *contretemps* has arisen at Bombay, which finds itself possessed of the head of a statue of the Queen—Empress, but no body thereunto. When the statue of the Empress at Bombay was defiled by the Poona murderer, it was decided that the head and neck should be replaced "bodily," so to speak. The sculptor was accordingly set to work, but before his task was completed the stains had been effectively removed from the existing statue. One hundred pounds has been spent on the new head, and now Bombay will gladly hail a patriot who will pay for the completion of a second statue.

On the morning of Dec. 27 at Malta, General Sir Lyon Fremantle, Governor of the island, held a farewell review of all the troops composing the garrison. General Sir Lyon Fremantle has been Governor of Malta since 1894.

The tremendous storm of Tuesday, Dec. 27, which did so much damage throughout the kingdom, did not dismay the members of the Quorn Hunt, who attended the meet at Loughborough Market in considerable force. Although many distinguished supporters of the Quorn were unable to be present, the meet was an interesting one, and attracted a crowd of several thousand spectators. Councillor Mayo entertained the members in the Council Chamber, the guests including Captain Burns Hartopp (Master of the Quorn) and Mrs. Burns Hartopp, Lord Wodehouse, Major Tennant, and other people well known in the hunting-field.

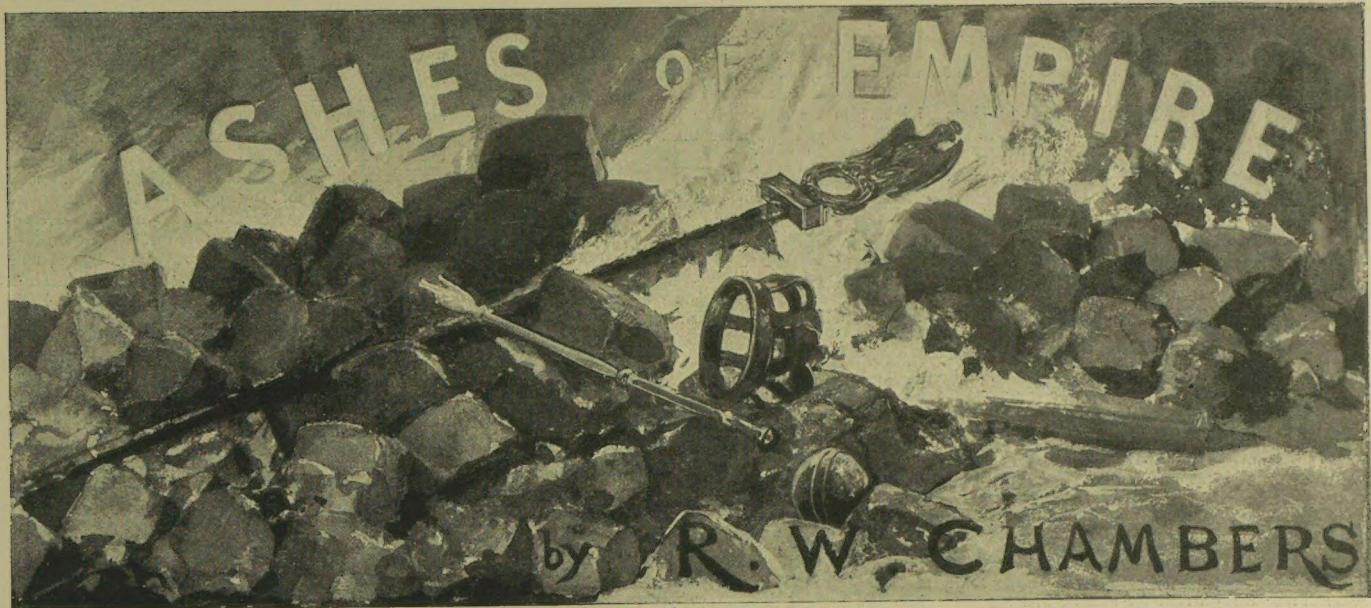


Come in to us out of the cold
And be mine!
We'll shut out the year that is old,
'Ninety-nine.

ENTER 'NINETY - NINE.

Drawn by Oscar Wilson.

Come in, bring us love, though it be
With your dart,
For you picture a Brighter-to-be
For my heart.



ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE SONG OF THE MOUSE.

On the 26th of January, a few minutes after seven in the evening, the artillery officers on the Nanterre Fort reported signals from Paris to cease firing. From Charenton to Issy, from St. Denis to Vincennes the signals flew; the cannonade died out at Ivry, at Romainville, at St. Ouen; the Fort of Issy, the Montrouge Fort, the Fortress of the East, the Battery of the Double Crown lay silent under their floating wreaths of cloud. One by one the eastern forts grew quiet; the last bombs soared upward from Vanves; the last shots boomed along the Point du Jour. A deathly stillness followed; then, as the bells in the distant city tolled midnight, a clap of thunder burst from Mont Valérien. That was the end—Paris had surrendered.

At dawn, through a cold grey mist that sheeted the desolate plain, two Prussian Uhlans rode to the foot of the fortressed hill. The sad notes of the trumpet sounded nearer and nearer; the mournful echoes started among the rocks; the drawbridge fell. Hildé, leaning from the iron door of the bomb-proofs, saw a tall red-bearded Uhlan officer, blindfolded, crossing the parade, conducted by four Mobiles with rifles slung. Behind him marched a Uhlan trumpeter, escorted by four more Mobiles. The man's eyes were also bound with a white handkerchief; his trumpet rested on his right thigh; in his left hand he bore a lance from which drooped a white flag. All that day she sat beside Harewood, listening to the heavy tread of troops, the hushed commands, the creak of siege-guns swinging inwards from the ramparts.

At noon the Uhlans left, blindfolded, reconducted in silence by famine-stricken soldiers. Again the melancholy trumpet sounded the salute; then stillness fell over rampart and glacis, bastion and parapet—a stillness so profound that Hildé, lying in the chair by the bedside, could hear the flapping of the flag on its iron staff above the citadel. In the starlight she saw the sentinels standing before the magazine, the fatigue-party winding down to the frozen reservoir, the rare lanterns dimly burning as an officer made his noiseless rounds. She leaned over the bed, listening for a while.

"Are you awake, my darling?" He stirred in his sleep and held out one hand, which she took in both her own. A lamp was burning dimly in a steel socket above her head; presently she rose, still holding his hand in one of hers, and turned the wick higher. "The crutches are finished," she said, returning to her seat by the bed; "a Breton in the Mobiles made them for you. You must remember to thank him. He took a great deal of trouble; there was no wood, so he filed off two lance-shafts, and made the arm-rests out of wire and leather." After a pause she whispered, "Jim, are you awake?" He laid his cheek against her hands in silence. "What is it? Are you still unhappy, you foolish boy?" He tried to answer, but his voice failed. "Oh, my darling," she said despairingly, "how can you feel so after all that has been said?" She stooped nearer, touching his hair with her lips. "I have forgiven you; there was but one thing for me to forgive, for it is true that you should not have gone away. If death had come, you were not fit to die—nor I, my darling. We were so much in love, so much in love, and I knew nothing! You can never know, Jim, how I love you; and it was even then, from the very first, the same—the same adoration! And Jim, if you had died, and although I knew the dreadful end, I would not have lost the memory of one hour, one second, one look, or one caress."

He tried to speak, but could not. Again, through his

closed lids, he saw her as she had come to him, fainting, exhausted, her frozen hands seeking his. Again he lived through the days that followed, the thunder of the guns, the shaking casemates, the bitter cold, the darkness, and

she always by his bed—her every touch, her every breath, telling him of a love so pure, so infinite, that his dark heart, heavy with the bitterness of self-accusation, sank subdued under the strength of such a passion. He thought



She guided him across the parade and up the sandbagged incline to the parapets above.

of the long nights, the pain, the fever, the piercing chill, the hunger, all borne in silence lest he should grieve for her. He remembered all this as he lay there, his eyes closed, his temples pressing the soft curls of the girl who had done all for him, who now was to be his wife.

"Are you still unhappy?" she whispered. "Think of to-morrow. Sins are forgiven; it is in my faith."

"And in mine—you are my faith," he said. "There is nothing but you, Hildé, nothing in heaven or earth but you and God who sent you."

"The crutches are here; shall I get them?" asked Hildé, smiling through her tears.

He took them gravely, praising the leather arm-pieces, the lance-shafts, the indiarubber ferrules. She was contented. The splints on his broken limb galled him; she aided him to sit up to relieve the numbness, and he lay back, his head resting on her breast.

"The Prussians sent a white flag this morning," she said.

"Then it is true," he asked, "the news from Paris?"

"Yes; Paris has surrendered."

He was silent; she bent her head forward, sighing.

"It was a good fight," he said. "Hunger is the victor; the Prussians are incidents."

"The garrison leave to-morrow," she said; "the Prussians enter the forts at sunset. Our soldiers will take you in the ambulance; we go by the Porte Rouge. Perhaps Yolette—" She broke down and wept bitterly. He comforted her, saying that Bourke was the wisest and best man on earth, and that Yolette was safer than if she had been in the Nanterre Fort. After a little she dried her eyes and reproached herself for causing him anxiety. Then, beside his bed, she said her prayers for the night, kissed him peacefully, turned out the lamp, and went into the nurses' ward to sleep, flinging herself on the iron cot, dressed as she was. As for him, he lay awake, staring into the darkness. The beauty of this young girl's soul, the sacredness of her passion, overwhelmed him. Who was he that he should share her thoughts, her sacrifices, her ideals, her innocence? Her face was always before him in all its loveliness, exquisite, spiritual. In her eyes he read the secret of that chaste unselfishness that had given all and surrendered nothing. Sleep came and went like a brief dream. It was morning; the drums were already beating in the dawn, the parade resounding with the hum of departure.

Hildé knocked and entered, faintly smiling her morning welcome. The adoration in his face dimmed her sweet eyes a little; she leaned above his pillow and laid her lips on his. That morning he was to try his crutches. When he was ready she helped him to the window—he was scarcely strong enough to stand—and he laughed as she stealed him to the door where the artillery were passing down the winding street to the monotonous tap of a drum. After them came the Mobiles, their bugles sounding stridently in the sharp, crisp air. He wished to go to the ramparts, and though she dreaded the slippery uneven ground, he had his way, and she guided him across the parade and up the sanded incline to the parapets above.

The sun hung over the distant city, glittering on a million windows, gilding dome and spire and frosty river, reddening the long grey palaces, flooding quays and roofs and bridges with a hazy radiance that turned the streets to streaks of rose and pearl. A mist of amethyst veiled the heights of Châtillon. Behind it lay the German cannon, stretching from Clamart northward, then east, and south, and west in one enormous iron circle back to Fontenay aux Roses. Across the river, from the fort between Châtillon and Croissy, the Prussian cavalry were plainly visible, moving at a gallop over a wasted meadow. Beyond them rose the smoke of camp-fires, marking the long line of trenches eastward to Houilles.

"In Paris there is little smoke," said Hildé sadly. "Jim, I can scarcely wait to go. What do you suppose the shells have done to the city? Think of it! Twenty days of ceaseless bombardment, and my sister there—"

"There was more risk in the fort here," said Harewood; "we have been under fire longer. It has pounded the barracks to powder, but you yourself know that we have not lost many killed." He continued: "The Mouse has not reappeared, has he, dearest?" Hildé shook her head. "Well," he went on, "he's in Paris again, unless he was shot outside the lower parapets. Did he say nothing about going, Hildé?"

"No, Jim. He hung around the casemates for a week. Then an officer complained of missing his gold watch, and asked me whether the Mouse was your servant. The Mouse was listening—I saw him behind the door. That night a Mobile lost some money and went about the parade swearing terribly. The shells were falling, striking the barracks every minute, but the Mobile didn't notice them and kept on swearing that the Mouse had taken his money. In the morning the Mouse had vanished."

"He's a strange beast," mused Harewood. "I know less about him than I did the first night I saw him. Yet Paris is full of such mice, and I have seen many."

Hildé sat down on the parapet and looked out over Paris. Harewood watched her. Care and suffering had not narrowed the lovely oval of her face; her eyes were clear and sweet; the rounded chin, the delicate straight

nose had not changed. Trouble had once effaced a certain child-like beauty in the lips and eyes; trouble perhaps had brought it back; yet now that unconscious innocence, the fair bloom of childhood, was strengthened by something more subtle, more exquisite. A maid is always a child until knowledge of sorrow comes to make her a woman.

A sparrow, the first they had seen for many a month, alighted in the snow under the muzzle of a big gun. "Hildé, do you remember when we freed your birds?" he asked.

"Yes, Jim."

After a pause he said wistfully: "How young we were in those days!"

"Yes," she said, "we were very young."

Her serious sweet eyes met his; her hand stole across the parapet and nestled in his. Some soldiers came through the snow, bearing a dead man on a stretcher. As they passed the cannon the sparrow fluttered up, high overhead, flying across the gulf to Paris. "To-night we will follow it," she murmured. "Oh, Jim, I am so tired of the snow! I am so tired of winter and whiteness and death!"

"You shall see the spring come in the Breton forests," he said. "You shall see miles of primroses and pink thorn; you shall see shaded glades purple with violets, and everywhere young leaves, young blossoms—a young world, Hildé, and all for us."

"A young world," she sighed, "that is what I love—green leaves, sunlight, and youth—everywhere youth. It is kinder."

"Youth is kinder," he repeated.

The clock in the citadel struck heavily; the flag on the iron pole fluttered to the ground. "The garrison is going," said Hildé. "Do you think they will remember us? They promised me two places in an ambulance."

"Look at the high road below," said Harewood; "see the carriages and wagons coming out from Paris. That is the Nanterre road; it leads to the gates of the north."

They leaned over together, watching the sunshine flashing on polished equipages, on wheels and lamps and harness. The road from Paris was full of them; it was like a winter day in the Bois de Boulogne, save that the horses moved without spirit, and there were many shabby carts and wagons intermingled with the carriages. As the procession of vehicles approached the base of the hill the coachmen and drivers, swathed in furs, became visible; and after a while Hildé could hear, far below the fortress walls, the tinkle of chain and hoof and wheel.

"Parents coming to the fort to look for their sons," said Harewood quietly.

"Sweethearts, perhaps, for their lovers," said Hildé.

On they came, rich and poor, the banker from his home in the Parc Monceau, the butcher from the long-closed Halles, the mother from the noble Faubourg, the mother from the Faubourg Infect, patrician and plebeian, sister and brother—and some who were childless and did not know it, and some who were widows, and wore, as yet, no crapes.

"They are coming!" said Hildé; "I hear carriages on the gun-road below. They will drive to the parade. Oh, Jim, Jim, think of the mothers who are coming, only to take back their dead sons! And those who are buried outside the glacis! What will the mothers and fathers do—and their children dead down there under that ice and snow?"

The parade was filling now with vehicles of every description; coachmen were leaping to the ground, old men and feeble, white-haired women stepped out into the snow. An old gentleman came toward Harewood, lifting his hat with an anxious smile. "I am looking for my son," he said; "could Monsieur inform me where the barracks are?"

"The barracks are in ruins," said Harewood; "the troops muster in the casemates, Monsieur, where I trust you will find that all is well."

Others came to seek information. An ancient dame, hobbling on two canes, asked for her son; "Jean Borne, ma belle dame, of the Breton Marine Artillery—and so tall and handsome—my son, Madam."

Hildé answered gravely in the Breton language; the old dame's withered cheeks flushed faintly. "From Carhaix, my sweet lady," she said, with a little courtesy.

Hildé told her to go to the citadel, and she went, smiling and nodding her grey head. "Her son was killed the last day of the siege," said Hildé; "I sent her to the citadel, where they will tell her." There were tears in her eyes; she laid her head on Harewood's shoulder. "Life is too sad," she said.

The bell in the citadel began to toll; a column of soldiers, marching without drums or arms, entered the parade, already crowded with vehicles. "That is the end," said Harewood solemnly; "the fort belongs to the King of Prussia."

"Our fort," said Hildé, turning very white.

She trembled so that he drew her to him, holding her close. "Wait," he whispered; "remember what we said of youth and springtime. The land needs sunshine and pure air and green leaves and stillness. Death will be a memory with summer. France can wait; her promise is in her youth."

The bell tolled monotonously; three silent files of men entered the gun-road and began the long descent.

"There is somebody in a carriage coming this way."

said Harewood. The next moment he uttered an exclamation, half petulant, half amused. "Hildé, it's the Mouse!"

She rose, breathless, excited, her hands outstretched; a woman leaned from the carriage, then sprang to the ground.

"Yolette! Yolette!" cried Hildé. "Little sister, I am here!"

"There's Bourke!" stammered Harewood, and tried to rise on his crutches.

Yolette was in Hildé's arms, sobbing. "Little sister! Darling Hildé! Don't cry so, don't—we are going home—home—really we are." Bourke's strong hands clasped Harewood's; his keen, grave face questioned the younger man. What he read in Harewood's eyes lighted up his own, and he stepped back and took Hildé's hands in his. When he turned again to Harewood, the latter was holding a little court of his own. Yolette, Red Riding-Hood, and the Mouse surrounded him; the child had both arms close around his neck; Yolette was grieving over his wounded limb, and holding his hand in both her gloved ones. As for the Mouse, he chewed a straw and looked on with mixed sentiments impossible to fathom.

"He brought me a silver cup," said Red Riding-Hood gravely. The Mouse shifted the straw between his teeth and looked anywhere but at Harewood. "We are to have white bread to-morrow in Paris," the child added, still holding Harewood's neck encircled in her thin little arms.

"And wedding-cake," he said gaily; "but not if you choke me to death, little sweetheart."

The leer on the Mouse's face was impossible to describe. Whether he meant it well or ill is a problem. The chances are that he intended to convey the assurance of his benevolent interest in Harewood and Hildé. However, he only said that the carriage was ready and the drive to Paris a long and cold one, and he, the Mouse, was ready to start as soon as the gentlemen were ready.

Harewood laughed and took his crutches. Hildé, colouring faintly, placed one arm around him and aided him to rise. "Come on, Bourke," he said, with a touch of the old boyish impetuosity; yet under it there was something tender, even a little wistful, as though he needed the strength of his comrade to strengthen him in body and mind. "I think," he said, as Bourke picked him up unceremoniously and carried him off to the carriage, "I think, Cecil, that you'll find hereafter that my conscience is straighter than my leg."

"We'll mend both, Jim," laughed Bourke as the Mouse opened the carriage-door for Hildé and Yolette.

Red Riding-Hood was set high on the driver's seat beside the Mouse. Bourke placed Harewood gently in the corner beside Hildé, then, nodding to the Mouse, he entered the carriage himself. "Yolette and I have taken a house in Passy," he said, smiling across at Harewood. "Yolette says we must have a honeymoon if we wait ten years for it; so I'm thinking, if you and Hildé are married and the blockade is raised, we might run down to the Breton coast until Paris has cleaned house."

"We were thinking," said Hildé with sweet dignity, "of doing the same thing."

Yolette suddenly leaned across the carriage and kissed her.

The Mouse, outside, cracked his whip and sang as he drove—

For what things shall our brothers plead?
A rope, a match, a barley-seed—
A rope to hang the man of greed,
A match to burn his house, we need,
To feed the poor, a barley-seed,
A barley-seed,
A barley-seed,
A barley-seed.

Crack! crack! went the whip, the sifted snow flew high, the wheels spun, slipped, creaked, and whirled round in a shower of icy slush. And always the Mouse caroled his merry catch—

A barley-seed,
A barley-seed,
The rich shall bleed,
The poor shall feed,
So, brothers, sow the barley-seed!

CHAPTER XXX.

SAINTE HILDE OF CARHAIX.

In Carhaix there is a rustle through the wintry woods when the March moon dies in the skies and the blue starlight sinks trembling, fathoms deep, into the glassy sea. Then through a breathless dawn steals the pale light of April, tinting with gold a world of primrose petals, creeping through woodlands mantled in grey and brown and silver, till in the deepest forest depths a bird awakes and ruffles and looks up amid a million tiny new-born leaves.

In Carhaix grows league upon league of sweet-scented moorland; the gorse is aromatic, the marsh is mossed with spongy gold; the blue sea ripples like a river gilded with ribbed sand, flecked with reflections where white clouds blow and white gulls drift like wind-tossed thistle-down.

Three houses, woods, a chapel, and a shrine, miles of pink thorn, silvery cliffs, and a still sail at sea—that is Carhaix. All day long the sea-swallows skim the inlet shores, the silver mullet, shoal on shoal, crossing the bar, lace all the shallows with their frothy ropes of foam. All day long the *lançons* spring above the sands, quivering,

shimmering, delicate as pale patterns in the shuttle of a flying loom.

April had come in Carhaix. Hildé also had come to Carhaix—back to her own country—for the blockade had ended at last, the gates of Paris were opened, and the long returning Prussian columns lined all the northern roads. So she had come—her young heart vaguely wistful—to be wedded in the Carhaix chapel where she had been baptized, and where, all in filmy white, she had stolen through the dim aisles, an awed communicant. For her atonement did not end at the confessional; there only sin might be put away—sadness was lifted with the bridal wreath—sorrow ended when the orange-buds fell from her breast. Atonement never ended; but its bitterness would end like the memory of evil in the innocence of a blameless life. It seemed to her that all would be well, now that she had come back. In all the world there was but this one place where, with her child's heart heavy with memories, her woman's heart thrilling with love and repentance, she could come and kneel and go forth in peace for ever.

The April sun gleamed through the jewelled glass and fell in diamonds, staining her foot with violet and rose. She saw Ste. Hildé of Carhaix, high in her plaster niche,

watching Red Riding-Hood, who, with her skirts tucked up, paddled blissfully in the thin films of water along the shining sands below.

Harewood stood near the beach critically inspecting a steamer's trail of smoke on the horizon. When he heard Hildé's voice on the cliffs above him, he climbed up slowly—for he was still a little lame—and met her, smiling. "The child down there is in the seventh heaven," he said. "She's been nipped by a crab and bruised by the rocks; and when she's half-drowned she'll be contented, I fancy."

"It's curious," said Bourke, looking up, "that the Paris papers have not come. The last mail arrived here on the 18th of March, and here is the second of April."

"A mail did come; I brought it down, but I went into the chapel and forgot," said Hildé.

"Nobody expects brides to remember," said Bourke sarcastically. "Do you mind letting me see my mail?"

Yolette looked up laughing as Hildé calmly handed the letters to Harewood. That young man sorted the papers, tossed a package and a parcel over to Bourke and said: "There's only one letter; it's for me."

Bourke began to open the parcel; it was sealed and elaborately tied with a sort of rope. "Hullo! what in the name of decency is this?" he said, holding up a

diamond star. To Monsieur Bourke and to Madame I send many spoons. Therefore adieu.—Your comrade,

"THE MOUSE,

"Citizen Captain,

"National Guard, Unattached.

"I wish also to say adieu to the little droll one who is afraid of me."

Bourke would have laughed, but Hildé's horror-struck face sobered him.

"What on earth shall we do with that plunder?" said Harewood. "The creature has been pillaging women and children."

"You and your citizen friend must settle that," said Bourke, trying not to laugh.

"These spoons and forks have all sorts of initials on them. The watch is marked 'H. de B.' and the diamond star is to a lady named 'Nini.' Jim, I believe this time that the Commune means business."

He looked at Yolette, who shook her head decidedly, saying: "If you think you are going to write about it for your stupid newspaper, I have the honour, Monsieur, to inform you that you shall not."



"Hullo! what in the name of decency is this?" he said, holding up a gold watch and chain.

azure-robed, smiling her placid smile among the shadows; she saw Our Lady of the Cliffs, tinselled, magnificent, holding the Child by the dim altar where waxen tapers burned and the carved crucifix reared its slender arms bathed in the splendour of stained windows. And there, in the tinted gloom, her childhood came to meet her. Again she saw the procession, the cross aloft, Our Lady of the Cliffs passing amid the kneeling crowd; again she heard the fresh young voices swelling in the wind, the chanting of the priest, the murmured prayer. The scene shifted seaward; she saw the tempest and the misty sea, the white *coiffes* on the headland, the men on the shore; then, as it seemed, years afterwards, she heard the bell tolling in the chapel for lost souls.

She remembered her father, too, always in the forest, where the horns sounded all day long, and the baying of the hounds surged and ebbed with the shifting wind. He lay in the chapel-yard, near the mother she had never seen; buried, as he wished, with his boar-spear on his breast—the last ruined huntsman of a ruined race, the landless relic of a landed Breton line, old as the ancient chapel, which was older than Carhaix.

A bird twittered in the porch; the vague odour of the sea stirred her heart. She turned and looked back at the altar where to-morrow she should kneel a bride; then made her reverence and went out into the sunny world.

Yolette sat on the cliffs looking off to sea. Bourke lay at full length beside her, sniffing the fresh wind and

gold watch and chain. "Why, the packet is directed to you, Jim!"

Harewood looked up blankly from the letter he was studying, then groaned and handed the letter to Hildé. "Read it," he said; "I can't. It's from the Mouse."

In the midst of a breathless silence, Hildé took the letter and examined it in consternation. Then she read slowly—

BELLEVILLE, 30th March, 1871.

"MONSIEUR,—I take my pen in hand hoping that these few lines may find Monsieur in as good health as I am. I have to inform Monsieur that the weather is as usual. We took the Hôtel de Ville, and killed General Lecomte and Clement Thomas in a garden. It is raining; but I am quite comfortable, having been made captain in the National Guard, and find myself much better with nothing to do."

"The Commune has been established, and there is food and drink for all, and no work. We frightened the *bourgeoisie* passably well, and Thiers has run away where we expect that the Citizen Major Flourens will catch him and shoot them all, as they are aristocrats and most perfidious to the poor."

"I have to inform Monsieur that I wish him health, also to Mademoiselle Hildé, to Monsieur Bourke, and to Madame, lately Mademoiselle Yolette; also to the thin, droll little one who was afraid of me. I send her some forks."

"The weather continues rainy. I send to Monsieur a watch. Also to Mademoiselle Hildé, for her wedding.

Harewood looked at Hildé, smiling faintly. "I suppose I must go to Paris, if you send me," he said.

"If I send you," murmured Hildé; "yes, you may go then."

They turned and looked at the house on the hill. The morning sun glittered on every pane; they saw Schéhézade, sprawled on the porch, blinking at the sea; they heard the sarcastic croak of the parrot, Mehomet Ali, tiptoeing down the garden among the hyacinths. She passed her slender hand through his arm and leaned her cheek against his shoulder.

Down on the yellow sands Red Riding-Hood, enchanted, waded ankle-deep along the frothy shore. A white gull rose from the shining waves; a distant sail glimmered in the sunlight. Then from the cliff a skylark rose, higher, higher into the azure, flooding the whole air with song. And Hildé closed her eyes and listened, her fair face on his shoulder, her white hand clasped in his.

THE END.

NEW STORY BY S. BARING-GOULD.

In our Next Number we shall publish the opening chapters of a New Story by S. BARING-GOULD, entitled "PARO THE PRIEST," with Illustrations by A. FORESTIER.

SCENES AT KLONDIKE.

From Photographs by Captain Seddon



KLONDIKE CITY: INDIAN QUARTER.



RECEIVING THE NEW YEAR MAIL AT TAGISH POST.

In August 1898, Dawson City contained 16,700 inhabitants, of whom 2000 were females. The town was swamped owing to the breaking up of the ice on the Yukon in the spring. The health of the inhabitants was very bad, through want of proper drainage, typhomalaria being the most prevalent disease. It carried off people at the rate of fifteen per day in the hottest weather. A great grievance at Dawson City has been the unsatisfactory distribution of mails. A man of the Mounted Police was detailed to distribute letters to applicants, the consequence being that there was always a jam, and men often had to wait the whole day before they could get their mail. Another picture shows the receipt of the mail at Tagish, which is a police post, between Bennett City and Miles Canyon.

A picture entitled "Gold-Rocking" shows a trench claim. The

claims in this particular locality are very rich, but are worked by the comparatively slow process of "rocking," as there is not sufficient water for sluicing.

Lake Linderman, on the Chilcoot Pass route, affords a short cut for travellers. By taking a boat down this lake, seven miles' hard walking is saved. A fine view is obtainable just outside Bennett City, looking towards the Chilcoot Pass.

Another illustration represents cattle on their way to Dawson Market, driven in on the Dalton trail. This trail, from the coast to Fort Selkirk, is 400 miles long. The trail is a hard one, with numerous rivers.

Our picture of Klondike City represents the Indian quarter. It lies on the opposite bank of the Klondike River to Dawson, and a bridge now crosses the river and connects the two towns. Our view is taken looking towards Dawson City, which can be seen in the distance.



MAIN STREET, DAWSON CITY.



"GOLD ROCKING" ON SNOOKUM HILL.



CATTLE FOR THE DAWSON MARKET ON THE DALTON TRAIL.



EVENTS OF THE DAY.

To-day we bid good-bye to 1898, and as we welcome 1899 we wish our readers one and all a Happy New Year. In the opening twelve months we will write "18—" for the last time, and many good, non-mathematical people will thereby fall into the mistake of supposing that 1899 is the last year of the century. The full tale of years, however, for the nineteenth century will obviously not be told until 1900 has come and gone. The year that dies to-night has been particularly memorable. To the nations of the world it

fallen from the ceilings. Local patriotic faith, and the wish that is father to the thought, must, we fear, give way before the careful apprehensions of visiting experts like Signor Delzotto, who says the state of the building is alarming, and Signor Rinnovamento, who urges the immediate removal of the sculpture from the museum and of five hundred thousand volumes from the library.

The processional cross which Dean Gregory proposed to employ in St. Paul's Cathedral, and which has proved to be a cross indeed to Prebendary Webb-Peploe and others, is for the present to be put away. The design on one side is that of a figure of the Saviour in flat enamel; and the reverse, as will be seen, has for its centre the emblematic lamb. The workmanship throughout has the quality which the public expects from anything that is to look in place under the dome of Wren, which Sir William Richmond and others have lately done so much to adorn.

The post-bag of most householders is unduly distended at the Christmas season by the begging letter. But the men of prominence who become unwilling targets for these snowballs of paper in extraordinary profusion must sometimes long for obscurity and for that banishment from the Red Book which to others, all the same, would be an infatigable exile. If the letters of one ordinary day at Marlborough House are truly described as having included the request for a loan of £1000 from a student, an old lady's petition for a dowry for her daughter, a French inventor's appeal for help to patent a diving-dress, and an application from a workman for money to redeem his tools—if this is the harvest of a July post-bag, what, one wonders, must it have been in December?

Sir Edgar Vincent is to be the candidate at Exeter for the Conservative seat from which Sir Stafford Northcote has announced his retirement at the close of the present Parliament. Sir Edgar Vincent, who is a particularly alert and well-informed man, was born in 1837; at the age of twenty he entered the Coldstream Guards, and *he left* the service to become the English, Belgian, and Dutch representative on the Council of the Ottoman Public Debt at Constantinople, a Council of which he soon became the President. As Financial Adviser to the Egyptian Government, he spent several years before becoming Governor of the Imperial Ottoman Bank at Constantinople. When he left that post last year he was nominated a K.C.M.G. Sir Edgar, who married Lady Helen Duncombe, and has a charming country place at Esher, shows many aptitudes for usefulness in the House of Commons, where his brother, Sir Howard Vincent, is already a figure of some prominence.



THE BRIDGE OF SIGHES AT VENICE, SHOWING THE LIBRARY ON THE LEFT
AND THE OLD PRISON ON THE RIGHT.

has been troubled. During its course we have had to chronicle an important war which finally wrested the sceptre of colonial empire from one of the oldest of colonising Powers, and gave birth to a new imperial policy on the part of a great nation of colonial descent. We have seen, too, the triumph of British arms in the Soudan and the tardy, yet effectual, avenging of Gordon. Once we seemed to hover on the verge of serious misunderstanding with a great friendly Power, but our diplomacy prevailed, and we enter the New Year with firmer guarantees of that peace which the Czar of all the Russias is so eager to secure.

The Christmas Day of 1898 was a particularly decorative one in the hedges, and in the rooms which had laid the hedges under tribute for their red berries. Not only the holly, but all other berry-bearing bushes and trees were more prolific than usual in their fruitage, threading with brilliant colour the lanes "like yewberries the yew." As for flowers, London never knew before so great a Christmas profusion of narcissus and of roses from the Riviera; nor was the single daffodil wanting. With the growth of the habit of flower-giving, and, indeed, with the enormous increase in the circulation of inexpensive but artistic nicknacks, the custom of sending out the ordinary Christmas card appears to be diminishing. Cards bearing some special mark of the personality of the sender, and specially designed or printed for him, are, on the contrary, coming more and more into popular use. The common Christmas card, however, though now "made in Germany," has a very British origin. For the first of its kind was designed some forty years ago by Mr. Horsley, R.A., and at once came into roaring fashion.

The Doge's Palace in Venice, together with the Bridge of Sighs, so often the "properties" of English artists and authors, are both of them in danger—not this time from the ruthless restorer, but from the decay of ages. The Palace architects take the most optimistic views; and there is always a local belief that what has gone on for a long time will go on a little longer. But the Superior Council of the Fine Arts in Rome has repudiated further responsibility of the building, and the alarmed Government has telegraphed to Signor Boito at Milan to proceed at once to Venice and report. The subsidence of the walls adjacent to the Bridge of Sighs, and the further decay of the floors supporting the Library of St. Mark, which was shored up three years ago, give the new alarm. Then there is the alarm of cracked arches and subsiding ceilings. That is what the outsider says; while the insider avers that only one arch is injured, and that only olla and ends of decoration have



PROCESSIONAL CROSS FOR ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.



THE PRINCIPAL COURTYARD IN THE DOGE'S PALACE, VENICE.

SOME COSTLY ENGRAVINGS.

High prices have lately been paid in the sale-room for various engravings, the value of which consisted not so much in the subject, or in the names of the artist or the engraver, nor even in the scarcity of the prints, but chiefly in the excellence of the impressions. Many owners of

may fetch forty pounds in the case of the original issue; whereas, reprinted from the same plate at a later date, the pair might very well be obtainable for five shillings.

At a sale the other day in the rooms of Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods, a valuable collection of engravings of

of Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait of Miss Farren, the famous actress, who became Countess of Derby. She is shown walking in a park, away from the spectator, yet turning her head back to him, one hand holding her feathered hat, and the other fingering the boa about her



ST. JAMES'S PARK.—FROM THE PICTURE BY GEORGE MORLAND.

Engraved by F. D. Soiron.



THE TEA-GARDEN.—FROM THE PICTURE BY GEORGE MORLAND.

Engraved by F. D. Soiron.

prints which realise high figures under the hammer of the auctioneer—a print of the Ladies Waldegrave after Sir Joshua has beaten the record at some £600—begin at once to congratulate themselves upon the possession of unexpected treasures hanging on their walls, or hidden away in their portfolios. A communication with a dealer follows, and the disappointment of an offer to purchase at the price of as many shillings as the sale-room copy fetched pounds. The difference is all in the state of the plate and the brilliance of the impression. Such favourite subjects as the "St. James's Beauty" and the "St. Giles's Beauty"

what is called the Early English School attracted the attention of the connoisseur. Among the most coveted impressions was one of an engraving made by Bartolozzi, and printed in colours, representing the Countess of Harrington and two children, after the famous and delightful picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds. For that impression—we make one of our own on this page—the sum of sixty-six guineas was paid, and paid by a dealer. At an earlier sale a far higher price—two hundred and fifty guineas—was paid for an astonishingly fresh and even blooming impression, also made by Bartolozzi,

neck. It may or may not be satisfactory to reflect that an engraving after a picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence can fetch to-day nearly as large a sum as was paid to the artist for the original painting itself.

Two other engravings brought under the hammer the other day were those of George Morland's "The Tea-Garden" and "St. James's Park." The engraver was F. D. Soiron; and fifty guineas was paid for the pair. The cows of St. James's Park are familiar to the present generation; but the pretty milkmaid whom Morland saw was replaced by matrons of maturer years.



THE COUNTESS OF HARRINGTON.—FROM THE PICTURE BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Engraved by F. Bartolozzi.



MISS FARREN.—FROM THE PICTURE BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

Engraved by F. Bartolozzi.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

The Child's Book of Saints. By William Canton. Illustrated by T. H. Robinson. (Dent and Co.)
Legends and Records of the Church and the Empire. By Aubrey de Vere. New Edition. (Macmillan.)
The Story of Marco Polo. Edited by Noah Brooks. (John Murray.)
The Angel of the Covenant. By J. MacLean Cobban. (Methuen and Co.)
The Old Chelsea Bum-Shop. By the Author of "Mary Powell." (Nisbett.)
A Treasury of the Desert. By W. C. Scully. (Methuen and Co.)
The Cost of Her Past. By Mrs. Alexander. (E. V. White and Co.)
A Writer of Books. By George Easton. (Chapman and Hall.)
The Prince and the Undertaker. By Ricardo Stephen. (Sands and Co.)
Edward Thring. By George E. Parkin. Two vols. (Macmillan.)
The New England Poets. By William Cranston Lawton. (Macmillan.)

Mr. Canton has produced the ideal book for Christmas. There is only one objection to be made. It is not a book for children, any more than "W. V." or "The Invisible Playmate." It is for their elders who love children, and keep something of the child's heart of simplicity and belief. Here and there a child exceptionally gifted with imagination may realize the exquisite "Song of the Minster," and perhaps one or two others of Mr. Canton's stories; but as a whole they are not for the nursery, nor even for the school-room. Yet are they ideal reading for the time which recalls to the coldest-hearted the stable of Bethlehem, the Child, and the Mother, the tender-hearted beasts who gave them shelter and bed, the angels, the kings and shepherds, and all the lovely associations of that tenderest of feasts. Mr. Canton is a born Franciscan. Not St. Francis himself could have more heart for our little sisters and brothers, the birds and the beasts. Side by side with the love for these innocents is the companion-love for children. Mr. Canton has realised, as few writers or artists have in any age, the very anguish and poignancy of love which is at the root of the woman's feeling for the child of her womb; so that the hearts of mothers are pierced with as many swords of love as her heart who was the mother of the Prince of all children. Most women who are mothers have sounded the depths of motherhood; few men have joyed and suffered as fathers in the same sense. If Mr. Canton's work were remarkable for its tenderness to his sex, it is to his credit that it is not tainted with a hardness which has been his, and which is a mark of certain divine. The creation which makes "The Invisible Playmate" well-nigh intolerable is in many of these stories. It is a book for letters of gold, a new *Golden Legend*, and publishers and artist have dealt duly with this fine flower of a poet's mind. Many seasons will not see a more beautiful book. Mr. Robinson has excelled himself in the beauty of his illustrations.

It is impossible to criticise Mr. Aubrey de Vere merely as a poet. Indeed, we doubt if he has ever been regarded in a critical attitude. Whenever he has been considered at all, it has been with appreciation. The history of the world has unravelled itself to him as a great moral tale. In his mind, heroism, beauty, thought, and art are handmaids of the Christian faith, or they are perversions of the Divine intention. Poetry and religion are to him inextricably intertwined. In one of his best-known sonnets—he ascribes the decay of Italian poetry to the fact that Boccaccio wrote with success. After that—

It sighed to Laura, and with Tancred bled,

But caught no second flash from Dante's star!

Within the limits of his interests and his principles, Mr. de Vere has a fine sense of the picturesque, and can tell the story of the Cid as well as the martyrdom of the youthful saints Agatha and Lucy. Everywhere his looks are high, ever directed at human history transfigured in the light of faith. Of personal and instinctive inspiration, it is questionable if he have any at all. He is a dignified chronicler of great things; he does not make poetry, but his verse is often good enough to serve a poet.

One of the best specimens of books arranged for the busy or the unpersevering is the recently published "Story of Marco Polo." Mr. Noah Brooks, the editor, has not spoilt the fascinating narrative of the Venetian traveller; he has only curtailed it, and into the gaps he has woven summaries and comments as good, as could be desired. The perfectionists, who cry out if a book of worth be interfered with to the extent of omitting its dull passages, will be shocked. But children, and all wonder-loving readers in general, are not perfectionists, and will read of the great Khan and his "stately pleasure-dome," of the roe and its mighty eggs, and of Gog and Magog, undisturbed by the thought that mutilation of text is sacrilege. The translation of Colonel Yule has been made use of, which guarantees an excellent and picturesque narrative style; and, in short, "The Story of Marco Polo" can have few worthy rivals among the season's entertaining books.

"The Angel of the Covenant" is a tale of the great Marquis, the hero of loyalty and the great captain. It is the earlier career of Montrose that is dealt with. We are not made witnesses of his tragic end in the Grassmarket. Here he is still under the banner of the Covenant, though fighting fanaticism and Argyll, and feeling the day is near when he must join the King. Burnet, the teller of the tale, Montrose's faithful ally, plays the part of instigator against the Covenant lords; the black coat had been abhorrent to him when he was a divinity student in Aberdeen. The love-story is not quite satisfactory. Lady Montrose did not die till 1615; and Magdalene Keith, the "Angel" of the title, has, therefore, to be a somewhat remote inspiration. Mr. Cobban might have interfered a little more boldly with facts, as he has done in the case of the Marquis's sister, Lady Katherine Graham. Of her nothing is really known after she ran away with her sister's husband; but here she appears as the beautiful penitent, and, later, as the glorious martyr, for she takes the place of the "Angel" who was to have been burnt for witchcraft. There are admirable portraits in the book of the personages of the time, notably of Argyll and Samuel Rutherford. The period has been laboriously "got up." But the story rises far beyond the

level of a mere painstaking chronicle into a spirit-stirring drama. Mr. Cobban has never done more excellent or more attractive work.

It would be difficult to name a writer who has taken more pains to gain an intimate knowledge of the periods in which she places her stories than Miss Manning. Whether she be dealing with the age of Sir Thomas More or with the last century, she learns the styles, the interests, even the tricks of the time, with wonderful accuracy. "The Old Chelsea Bum-Shop" is a little disjointed as a story, but as an illustration of the manners of the London bourgeoisie, of the fine world, and of the world of wit and letters, it is all that could be desired. The pictures by Mr. Hulton and Mr. Jellicoe, of Old Chelsea, are graceful, and must make the volume one of the chief gift-books of the season. But on looking at them, we ask, Why have we no such palatial bun-shops now? Our largest hotels seem hardly to rival this one in size. In aesthetic effect, of course, they are not to be compared with it.

Mr. Scully gained a high reputation a year or two ago by a volume of short stories of South African life. "A Vendetta of the Desert" would make an admirable short story, and it does not make a good long one. The essential parts are the suggestion of the grim Dutch ancestry; the start and development of the feud between the two brothers; the wrongful accusation of Gideon; the mystic acceptance of his unjust fate by Stephanus; and, the years of prison being over, his following the conscience-stricken Gideon into the desert to pour on him the divine revenge of forgiveness. All the rest is unnecessary. The journey of Elsie and the bushman to Cape Town, to beg mercy for her father from the Governor, would make a pretty enough tale by itself. It only interrupts and weakens the story of the vendetta. Mr. Scully uses his backgrounds of natural scenery with skill. Gideon seeking peace ever in farther and farther solitudes, is a memorable picture.

Pride drove the heroine into an imprudent and most unhappy marriage, we are asked to believe. But that is where Mrs. Alexander and most of her readers will differ. Leslie is a young person quite ready to accept all the good things that come in her way. Only, when an eligible young man does not hasten to throw his fortune at her feet, she is piqued, marries another, and has a bad time of it. A hard life knocks some sense into her; and though we deny her early charm, we admit she is a worthy enough person in the end, and that her second wedding seems a more promising affair. Mrs. Alexander never fails to make a few clever character sketches; but the atmosphere in her latest book is so grey and heavy that our interest is clogged all the way through. When Leslie is asked to take part in private theatricals and answers, "I am quite without dramatic ability," she is talking in the style of the more ambitious portions of the book.

Literary life has an extraordinary fascination as a subject for writers of fiction. Their own vocation they take very seriously, representing, as it does to them, existence in its most intense condition; and so they are apt to lose sight of general human interests, and to forget that artists must look at the world in a self-conscious and unnatural way. Besides, literary folks are not effective players in the game of life, and are, therefore, poor material for imaginative work. But "George Paston" knows, at least, what she is talking about. Along the byways of literary London she must have passed. She does not blunder over the dialect and the manners of the land she describes. Her heroine, Cosima, is a trifle too precocious, intellectually; though we believe in her abilities, which is more than we can say for most geniuses in novels. But in the unfortunate story of her marriage the whole of our sympathy does not go out to her. With her eyes open, she marries a man obviously commonplace; and when he reveals to her the kind of thing commonplaceness joined to weak self-indulgence may become, she rounds on him unfairly. A writer of a different temperament could hold a quite plausible brief for Tom. It was really very hard on him to have a wife so much better than he deserved or had any use for. There are a dozen faults to be found with "A Writer of Books"; but it is never dull, and always promising.

The model of "The Prince and the Undertaker" has been "The Arabian Nights," both old style and new Stevensonian version. But the writer is clever enough to follow on another's track, and yet see things for himself by the way that are worth recounting. Perhaps the thread by which the different tales are hung together is too slender—a plot, dimly hinted at, to dispossess the reigning family in England at Jubilee time. But just when we are beginning to ask How? and Why? Mr. Stephens diverts our attention by introducing to us the queer assortment of friends which the Prince makes in London, and bidding them tell their stories. After that the personalities and adventures of these are everything; the reason of their assembly nothing at all. Indeed, we even resent the hard measures dealt out to the rascally undertaker; his plots and treason are so shadowy; his power of entertaining us so great. The general, the barber, the musician, the doctor, and the artist are not merely excellent story-tellers; they are living characters as well; and in the unconventional, mysterious evenings in Wardour Street they let themselves go, and play no parts but those nature and fate have made inevitably their own.

Thring was a great schoolmaster; he knew it, and, with the candour of his nature, said so. His biography reads like that of a great soldier. He did not admire the army, one gathers, and did not encourage his boys to enter it; but he had the qualities befitting the campaigner in hostile countries. He loved fight. Prejudices of English education, school governors, sanitary authorities, his masters, parents—"parental jaw" he took delight in smirking—and the savage in boy nature, he fought them all stoutly. His self-confidence was boundless, and to gain his clear ends he was a despot. But they were high ends, and he did more than any other man of the last fifty years for the education of boys of the upper middle classes. He making of Uppingham out of almost nothing, and that

little bad; the keeping it alive when it was twice nearly ruined by fever and the criminal carelessness of the town authorities; the conveying it to Borth, and the bringing of it back undiminished in numbers, were great strategic feats. Pith, pluck, nerve, and a fanatic belief in his mission were his means. His mind was a strange mixture of conservatism and defiance of tradition. He stepped boldly out of the track himself, but he did not easily tolerate other people's deviations. He was an autocrat, but he was never a stiff pedagogue, and his picture of himself as "up to fun and undomish" was largely true. Mr. Parkin might have insisted even more than he has done on his emotional nature, which led him even to sentimentalism at times. The biography is a good piece of work. Thring's diaries are often lively and intimately personal, and they have been ably selected from.

The author of this survey of Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, and Holmes writes a very sensible preface, to the effect that, though Americans may know perfectly well their poets are not Olympian, yet, as interpreters of their national life, they are worth serious study, and that the "attempt to indicate the modest amount which they have contributed to the world's abiding wealth may be defended as natural, loyal, and filial." Of course everyone will agree. But also, of course, it is next to impossible to keep strictly to that attitude. We do not complain that these poetical "guides of New England youth" are taken too seriously; but we may mention that popular New England sentiment is a little too often interpreted as the "world's abiding wealth." On the other hand, hardly enough emphasis is put on Hawthorne's rare genius. Mr. Lawton has not written a book of power or of much judgment, but what piety and affection and culture can say of New England literature he has said. If he has some amiable delusions, they do not concern his own countrymen alone. He thinks "many a village blacksmith of Surrey and Devon surely—if not of New Zealand or Australia—drops a tear over Longfellow's lines!"

A LITERARY LETTER.

Mr. Frank Mathew, who has made a considerable reputation by his "Spanish Wine" and "A Child in the Temple," has two stories on the way, one of which, "Magical Mirrors," will shortly be published by Mr. John Lane. "Magical Mirrors" deals in a picturesque manner with incidents in the career of Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey. Mr. Mathew's succeeding story is entitled "Conspirator and Queen," and is a romance which concerns itself with the later years of Mary, Queen of Scots. The author introduces in dramatic fashion an interview between Mary, Queen of Scots and her rival, Elizabeth, in Fotheringay Castle.

A leading firm of publishers has in hand the project of producing all the novels of Charles Kingsley, with biographical introductions by "Lucas Malet," the author of "The Wages of Sin," who, it will be remembered, is the youngest daughter of the author of "Westward Ho!"

Every bookman who has read Sir George Trevelyan's "Early History of Charles James Fox" has wished that he would retire from political life and devote himself to the continuation of that picturesque story. This is what Sir George Trevelyan has actually done. He has retired, and he has continued Fox's story, although not quite in the form that might have been anticipated. Messrs. Longmans will publish early in January the first volume of a work entitled "The American Revolution." In his preface to this book Sir George Trevelyan discusses the question how far it was possible to have carried the work he began eighteen years ago, in the same form, and to have written a biography rather than a political history. The story of Fox, he points out, between 1774 and 1782 is inextricably interwoven with the story of the American Revolution. In the American Revolution, in so far as it involved a struggle in the British House of Commons, Fox played a conspicuous part, and, indeed, the chief part. It may be relied upon that Sir George Trevelyan has told the story of that great crisis in the history of the Anglo-Saxon race in a manner more picturesque than it was ever told before. And this was the psychological moment for telling it.

The Walpole Press of Paternoster Row—a new firm—will shortly issue "A History of the Roman Empresses: The Wives of the Twelve Caesars." It will be published at one guinea, in two volumes, by subscription.

The revival of interest in Carlyle grows apace. Within the last week or two we have received quite a small library associated with the Chelsea sage. There are the volumes of the collected library edition called the "Centenary Edition," to which Mr. H. B. Traill is writing some interesting introductions; there is the edition of "Sister Resarts," with Mr. Edmund Sullivan's most fascinating illustrations, that Bell and Sons have published; there is the new work on the Early Studies from Carlyle's own pen—a pleasant surprise to many of us, and there is the quite worthless book called "Mr. Froude and Carlyle," by David Wilson, that Mr. Heinemann has issued, a book which goes over ground trodden long ago by more acute critics, and repeating quite needlessly the indictment of Mr. Froude that has been much better done by other hands. The magazines, also, have been keeping the ball rolling. The *North American Review* for some four months now has added an interesting collection of hitherto unpublished letters to our knowledge of Carlyle, and the *Century Magazine* for January opens with an article by Mr. John Patrick, entitled "The Carlyles in Scotland," an article containing a pleasant glimpse of Carlyle at the house of the Provost Swan of Kirkcaldy. The account of this particular visit to Kirkcaldy, and the illustrations that accompany it, are a justification for this article.

Mr. Coulson Kershaw has two books ready for next season. One of them, entitled "Scoundrels All," on the lines of his "Captain Shannon," will be published by Ward and Lock; the other, "Dead Pages," on the lines of his "Book of Strange Sins," will be published by James Bowden.

C. K. S.



Hushed are the halls where once the Christmas revels resounded,
Lonely their silent lord broods by the Christmas fire,
Lonely, yet not alone, for the place is peopled with shadows,
Dear remembered forms, faces of long ago.

A REVERIE.
Drawn by A. Forestier.

Thirty, forty years, long dead! Ah, no, they are living!
Thus, a laughing boy, shares in the Yuletide mirth,
Thus, ay thus, a lover, he bends to kiss the Beloved!
Lo! the dream and the kiss die upon lips that are cold!

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1898-



HARK! THE CHIMES—THE NIGHT IS SLOWING THE DAY—

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1280-



PIECES—A—HALF—MILES—YEAR—TO—US—ALL—

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

In years gone by, when Frankfort-on-the-Main was not as handsome a city as it is now, but considerably more interesting from an antiquarian point of view, and more picturesque from an artistic, the intelligent guide rarely failed to take the visitor to the Jewish quarter. The visitor, unacquainted, perhaps, with the language in which Hegel wrote and Heine sang, and not wishing to tax his cicerone's limited supply of spavined English to the uttermost by asking too many questions, kept wondering all the while why he was being conducted through a congeries of narrow and by no means sweetly smelling streets lined with unsightly, rickety, and sordid-looking tenements, many of which rivalled the Tower of Pisa in their deviation from the straight vertical line.

Suddenly the guide would stop half-way up, the Judengasse before a dwelling somewhat distinguished from the rest by its more cleanly appearance. "This, Sir," he would say, "is the cradle of the Rothschilds." And the man had his reward. His patron, if he did not thank him in so many words, showed his gratitude by plying him with queries attesting his interest. There is no need for surprise at this, and still less for the sneer of the sceptic and pessimist who would fain persuade himself that the interest thus shown is merely the desire for a smattering of theology of the cult of the golden calf. The story of the humble Frankfort Jew and his descendants who rose to be a power in the civilised world, equal to that of the most powerful autocrat of ancient or modern days, is not absolutely a record of successful money-getting or of the wisdom of keeping it. It is a valuable lesson based upon the oft-quoted but not quite as oft-practised saying, "Honesty is the best policy."

When, a century and four years ago, the Revolutionary Legions under Hohenlohe overran the smaller States of Southern Germany, there were many money-dealers of longer standing and greater repute than the brie-à-brac vendor and general dealer of the Frankfort Judengasse. Yet the Elector of Hesse-Cassel, the wealthiest among all those Princes, Margraves, and petty sovereigns whose domains were invaded and private hoards were threatened, chose that obscure trader as the custodian of an enormous deposit—it is said two millions of florins. The reason for this preference was not far to seek. Meyer Amschel Rothschild enjoyed a reputation for integrity surpassing that of all the other magnates of the financial world, in spite of the as yet modest proportions of his banking transactions.

Eighteen years later that reputation was transmitted, unswilled, to his five sons, who then already were established in five of the great capitals of Europe. The moral inheritance has been preserved by them and their descendants for more than three-quarters of a century without the slightest breath of suspicion having ever dimmed it. The financial record of the Rothschilds is absolutely clean, although every male member of the family probably surpassed in shrewdness, talent for financial combination, and love of gigantic transactions the foremost speculators of the present day. And the Rothschilds were and are as prodigal as the latter—with this difference, however, that they were prodigal with their own savings.

Prodigal as they were and are, they nearly all have and had one trait in common. They will give a thousand pounds without a moment's hesitation; they will not be fleeced of sixpence after half-an-hour's discussion. There is a very amusing story in connection with this trait relating to Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's father. The son was in the habit of taking the same cab every morning from Piccadilly to St. Swithin's Lane, and always gave the Jehu half-a-crown. One morning when the son was away, the siren hauled the conveyance, and at the end of the journey gave the driver a florin. Cabby looked at the coin wistfully. "What's wrong?" asked the old man. "Nothing, Sir," was the reply, "but Mr. Leopold always gives me half-a-crown." "I don't wonder at it. Mr. Leopold is a spendthrift, but he can afford it: he has a rich father. I am an orphan, and can't."

Baron James de Rothschild, who was the head of the Paris establishment, could be, and in fact was, equally tight-fisted, especially when he fancied he was "being done." One morning, on being admitted to Baron James's private room, whither one of my relatives repaired often on charitable missions, he found the Baron engaged in examining a magnificently chased golden vase of the most exquisite workmanship and encrusted with precious stones. The dealer had asked 220,000 francs for it; and while giving the pedigree, interlarded almost every sentence with "I feel certain, M. le Baron, that you have never seen anything like it before." "You are right," replied Baron James at last, "I have never seen anything like it before; but if you will wait a few minutes I fancy I'll be able to show you something you have never seen before." Saying which he disappeared into an inner room, whence he returned in a little while, inviting both the dealer and my relative to follow him. There was no wonderful object to be seen, but on a table there lay a bandana handkerchief that looked as if it had been forgotten by the owner. "Now tell me if you have ever seen anything like this?" asked Baron James, carelessly lifting the handkerchief and showing a small mahogany tray containing two hundred and twenty rouleaux of louis with their wrappers stripped off. There was no deal that morning, though after the dealer was gone Baron James avowed that the vase was worth the money. "Why didn't you buy it then?" remarked my relative, who was sufficiently intimate with him to venture upon the question. "Because he tried to do me for five thousand francs. He offered it yesterday to someone else for two hundred and fifteen thousand francs. I would not have it at a gift. It isn't honest."

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

CHARLES ROBINSON (Belfast).—We scarcely know how to advise you. They are of no use to a chess-player, and are only valuable as a curiosity. We should think they would do best in some safe place.

H. GRAY (Windsor).—Thanks for the two versions. We will examine them, and, if sound, make a selection.

H. BRISTOW.—Thanks for your interesting letter. If the final position is sound, we think it will do very well, and we should like to publish it.

C. PLATT (Cardiff).—We are much obliged, and hope to make early use of your contribution.

C. W. (Sunbury).—Your problem to hand, for which we are obliged.

A. VIENNAE PLAYER (Vienna).—You are right as regards the pieces; but surely there is a powerful attack left. Anyhow, Black turned White's blunder to his own great advantage.

C. DOUGLAS ANGUS.—Four-movers are barred by the unwritten rules of this column.

Giulio's SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2846 received from Upendranath Mitra (Calcutta); of No. 2849 from James Clark (Chester); of No. 2849 from Leake, Fran (Lyons); of No. 2850 from H. J. Cleves-Symmes, M. D. Berlin, C. E. H. (Chilton); Emile Frau (Lyons), W. M. Kelly (Worthing); E. Newell (Southwold), and Jacob Vermael (Rodmell); of No. 2851 from C. I. Paganini, H. Le Jeune, E. M. (Ayr); Edward J. Sharpe, W. M. Kelly (Worthing); Emile Frau (Lyons), J. Bailey (Newark); E. H. (Chilton); H. Nagent (Southwold), P. Crouch, Prof. Dr. Karl Wagner (Vienna), Albert Wolf, E. B. Foord (Cheltenham), J. F. Moore, and Sir Worth.

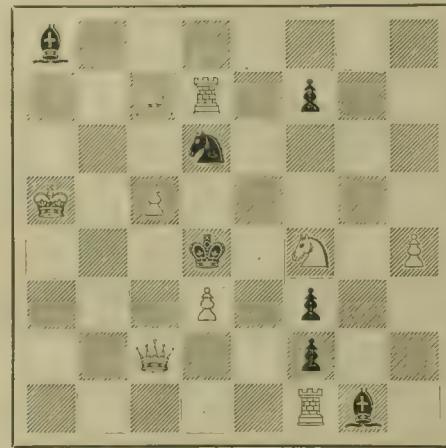
CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2852 received from Sartorio, Hermitt, P. J. (Edinburgh); G. Hawkins (Cumbernauld); Shadforth; J. S. (Hunstanton); C. E. H. (Chilton); Emile Frau (Lyons); Edward J. Sharpe, A. P. A. (Bath); Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth); G. M. O. (Buxton); Julia Short (Exeter); Alpha, F. J. Candy (Norwood); F. Daly, Thomas Charlton (Clapham); George Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham); T. Robert, Frank Carter (Brighton); Captain Spencer, C. M. A. B., and W. R. B. (Clifton).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2850.—By F. JOHNSTON.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. R to Q 5th	P takes B
2. R to R 2nd	Any move
3. Mates accordingly.	

PROBLEM NO. 2854.—By H. G. COOPER.

BLACK.



WHITE to play, and mate in three move.

CHESS IN BIRMINGHAM.

Game played by Mr. LASKER in a simultaneous exhibition, his opponent being Mr. J. MOORE.

(Gioco Piano.)

WHITE (Mr. L.) BLACK (Mr. L.) WHITE (Mr. L.) BLACK (Mr. M.)
 1. P to K 4th P to K 4th 18. P takes P B to K 3rd
 2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd 19. Kt to Q 6th R to K 2nd
 3. B to B 4th B to B 4th 20. Kt to Q 4th B takes P
 4. P to Q 3rd Kt to B 3rd 21. P takes P R takes P
 5. P to Q 4th P takes P 22. Kt to Q 6 (ch) R to K 2nd (ch)
 6. P takes P Kt to K B 5th (ch) 23. Kt to K 3d R to Q 4th
 7. B to Q 2nd Kt to K B 5th 24. Q to Q 3d R to Q 4th
 8. Kt to K 3d Kt to K 3d 25. B to K 4th R to Q 3d
 9. Kt to K 3d Kt to K 3d 26. Kt to B 3rd R to K 3d
 10. Kt to K 3d Kt to K 3d Black has succeeded in making the position difficult, and he threatened it to the last. It is evident that the piece was bound to be given back in any case. But White is left in a few moves with a lost game. Black has won the middle game in remarkably good style.

11. P to Q 3rd P to Q 3rd 27. Kt takes Q R takes R (ch)
 12. P to Q 3rd P to Q 3rd 28. K takes R P takes Kt
 13. P to K 3rd P to K 3rd 29. Kt to B 5th R to Q sq
 14. P to R 3rd Kt to Q 2nd 30. R to B 3rd Kt to K 3rd
 15. Q to B 2nd Kt to Q 2nd 31. P to R 4th Kt to B 5th
 16. P to K 5th Kt to B 2nd 32. P to B 3rd Kt to B 2nd
 17. Kt to K 4th P takes P 33. Kt to K 3d Kt takes P
 18. P takes P Black wins.

CHESS IN PHILADELPHIA.

Game played between MESSRS. PHILIBERT AND JONES (the former playing blindfold).

(Hampstead's Knights' Game.)

WHITE (Mr. P.) BLACK (Mr. J.) WHITE (Mr. P.) BLACK (Mr. J.)
 1. P to K 4th P to K 4th 1. P takes R gives a better opening and the next fourfold move.
 2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to B 3rd 2. Kt to K B 3rd
 3. P to Q 3rd P to Q 3rd 3. B to B 4th Q to K 3rd
 4. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to B 3rd 4. B to B 4th (ch) Kt to R 3rd
 5. B to K 5th B to K 5th 5. Castles K R P to K 3rd
 6. P to Q 3rd P to Q 3rd 6. Kt to K 4th Kt to B 5th
 7. B to K 5th B to K 5th 7. P to K 4th Kt to B 2nd
 8. Kt to K 4th Kt to K 4th 8. Kt to K 3d Kt takes P
 9. B to K 5th (ch) P takes B 9. P to K 5th P takes P
 10. Kt to K 4th Kt to K 4th 10. B to K 5th (ch) Resigns.

The French Government has been selling by auction some of the superfluous furniture and effects from the State Palaces and Government Offices. The ancient urn which was used for voting in the House of Peers, in which Chateaubriand, Montalembert, and many other distinguished politicians once deposited their votes, was knocked down at 301 francs. Once a diffused light through the saloons of the Luxembourg, fetched 470 francs, and an Empire porcelain service, with the imperial monogram, was sold for 895 francs.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

What may be called the latest sensation of Paris has a very direct bearing on certain interesting questions of a physiological kind. A fortnight ago the *Pall Mall Gazette* published a report from its Paris correspondent in which the alleged wonders performed by a certain Mdlle. Lina when under hypnotic influence were duly extolled. The "remarkable hypnotic experiments" which are said to be astounding Paris would, indeed, warrant that designation if only they could be proved to be of a real nature. Nobody, however, who has any recollection of the exposure of the frauds and tricks which were much exploited a few years ago in Paris under the title of the "New Mesmerism," will for a moment be inclined to accept the accounts of Mdlle. Lina's feats without a very big pinch of salt indeed, or without very reasonable doubt concerning the whole story of her alleged hypnotic powers. People who have followed the evolution of quackery and nonsense do not require to be told that revivals of exploded tricks are common enough. The proverbial short memory of the public extends to the forgetting of many an old swindle that was consigned to the limbo reserved for the burst bubbles of fraud by the exposure of science.

If any of my readers are inclined to doubt that the "New Mesmerism" of Paris received its *coup de grâce* a few years ago, let them peruse the late Mr. Ernest Hart's book bearing that title. The work, which is of a most interesting character, is published by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. When that work has been mastered, the reader will henceforth look with extreme caution and a healthy scepticism on all accounts of hypnotic marvels which hail from Paris, and especially on those which detail the proceeding of a certain class of women-experimenters of whose pretensions it is difficult to speak with moderation, and of whose morals, as shown forth in Mr. Hart's pages, the less said the better. The account given in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of Mdlle. Lina's feats recalls clearly and distinctly the frauds which Mr. Hart and his colleagues, English and French, duly exposed; and with the name of Colonel de Rochas, which figures in the report of Mdlle. Lina's experiments, readers of Mr. Hart's work will be made extremely familiar. Whether the Colonel is a person likely to be successful as an unbiased investigator of the wonders of the female prodigies that his colleagues and himself apparently unearth from time to time in Paris, is decidedly a moot point. After the experiences of the Commission of Inquiry held over the marvels of Clärice, Marguerite, Esther, and other women of "hypnotic" fame, I should feel inclined, as a pure matter of science, to distrust any recitals that issue from the school of which Colonel de Rochas is, and the late Dr. Luys was, a typical representative.

The new wonders of Mdlle. Lina will be really very old and tame affairs to anyone conversant with the history of hypnotic humbug. She professes when she is "hypnotised" to be able to transfer what is called her "sensitivity" to objects around her. This alleged power is grandiloquently styled the "exteriorisation of sensitivity." Her nerve force, I presume—or do they call it "magnetism" in Paris?—is projected from her body, and localised by the operator (so runs the account) in any object he desires within a few feet of her. Then when the object, which is thus believed to be saturated with the "sensitivity" of the medium, is touched, the medium is alleged to experience distinct sensations as the result. A "hypnotised" medium touched a doll's hair; then, when the doll's hair was pulled, she cried out that someone was hurting her. Now the medium in this case, as in other instances, was simply a clever trickster. There was no hypnotism in the case at all. So far from being under hypnotic influence, the woman was very wide awake indeed. Her feats of "exteriorisation of sensitivity" were boasted of by the Paris school as things of marvellous scientific interest, just as the tricks of Mdlle. Lina are being exploited to-day. Let us see how the farce was played out in Paris a few years ago, as, unless I am much mistaken, it will be played out again, if any scientists of repute care to take the trouble to investigate the claims of Mdlle. Lina to be an exponent of a new and mysterious "hypnotic" power.

Mr. Hart and his colleagues provided two dolls exactly alike in size, dress, and other particulars. One of these was touched by the medium, and was then handed to the investigators, who quietly pitched it aside. The other doll was then, unknown to the medium, used and its hair pulled whereupon the woman called out that someone was causing her pain. Now the medium in this case, as in other instances, was simply a clever trickster. There was no hypnotism in the case at all. So far from being under hypnotic influence, the woman was very wide awake indeed. Her feats of "exteriorisation of sensitivity" were boasted of by the Paris school as things of marvellous scientific interest, just as the tricks of Mdlle. Lina are being exploited to-day. Let us see how the farce was played out in Paris a few years ago, as, unless I am much mistaken, it will be played out again, if any scientists of repute care to take the trouble to investigate the claims of Mdlle. Lina to be an exponent of a new and mysterious "hypnotic" power.

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Now Mdlle. Lina is reviving the same tricks. She is said to have transferred her "sensitivity" to a photographic plate. When this plate was being developed in another part of the house she became violently sick and ill. This result was alleged to be due to the chemical treatment of the plate by the photographer. Her "sensitivity" was chemically upset. Here the gist of the marvel lies, in the allegation—not only that she can be affected by chemicals poured on a plate presumed to be charged with her "sensitivity," but also that she had no knowledge of the plate being developed at all. This last idea is part of the trick. It would not be a difficult thing for anyone to suppose that when a photographic plate is used as described, it would be developed in due course; but is there anything in Mdlle. Lina's performances that one cannot find far better done by any ordinary conjuror?

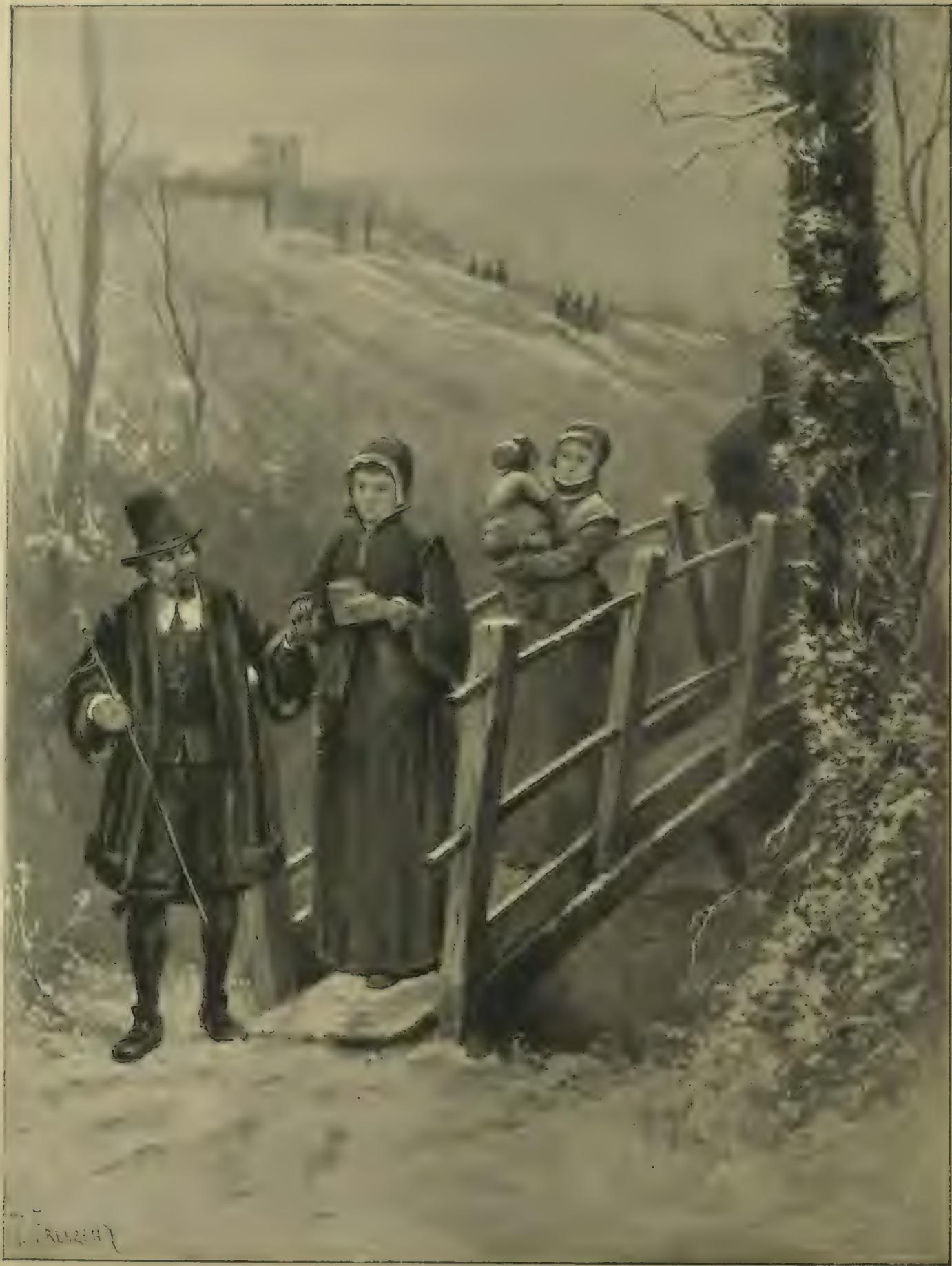


Colin loves her, yet he's shy,
Colin fears her father's frown,
Colin let the maid go by
When she tripped her through the town.

A CHRISTMAS GREETING.

Drawn by George H. Edwards.

Yet she knew his heart was true
When she heard his herald panting
With a tender billet doux,
Which made Christmas more enchanting.



In Merrie England long ago
When Christmas really brought the snow;
The people walked to church for miles
T'ye frozen sleet and buried stiles.

CHRISTMAS MORN—THEN.

Drawn by F. Frezeny.

And Mistress Pru, demure and grave,
Led by her spouse (who is her slave);
Brought out he' little boy to pray
For hope and peace that Christmas Day.



Though Christmas comes as heretofore,
The snow but rarely reigns in state;
The carriage stands before the door,

CHRISTMAS MORN.—NOW.

Drawn by P. Freramy.

The sleigh has quite gone out of date;
And yet we turn to church again,
For Now is just the same as Then.

LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

The London shops have been more charming than ever this season. No other capital in the world affords so generous a gratis show of all the novelties and original ideas. In Paris one or two articles will be somewhat grudgingly displayed in some of the windows, while many of the best modistes have their premises on the first floor, and make no window show at all. In London, on the contrary, the best models are allowed to form an attraction in the window, and to make the walks abroad of those of humbler means attractive and inspiring. Messrs. Peter Robinson, for instance, will show me three or four of their beautiful new models at the beginning of the month privately; but before the end of the month they will have successively appeared in the window to instruct all and sundry. In Paris there is a watchful and malevolent eye surely directed through the window-pane upon the passenger who lingers too long to inspect even the one or two gowns that are visible. The "buyer" of a great London house told me that once he paused for some time, regardless of that angry gaze, to study an original model which he saw in a Paris shop-window. An hour or two afterwards, passing by again, he stood still once more to renew his impressions, which in very truth he did mean to bring away with him in his mind! Suddenly the shop-door flew open, and the indignant proprietress dashed forth carrying a chair, which she offered him with the utmost ferocity and the following amiable speech: "Will not Monsieur be so good as to give himself the trouble to rest himself until he has finished stealing my ideas?"

Not quite always, however, are the Paris ideas just what one wishes to steal. The newest veils there now are those of most unbecoming thick Chantilly lace that one finds among one's grandmother's stores—huge, heavy, closely strown patterns through which the features can scarcely be seen, and the eyes gleam hard in the endeavour to see out. These, it is explained, are to be worn with the hair dressed similar to the period when those veils were in

most important of all, the lungs from receiving a chill, when driving against a keen north or east wind.

White fox has had a sudden burst into favour in London. It is very becoming fur, thick and cosy-looking, and of a beautiful upstanding solid white, so to speak, which does not show the dirt like the close-sitting ermine. Short boas and muffs in the fluffy white fox are trimmed either with the head of the animal itself or with two or three tails of crmine. Another novelty which has sprung into fashion with great rapidity is a new material called panno, which is being used just now for trimming tea-gowns, for panels of evening dresses, and for all purposes for which velvet would be employed. Panno is, I believe, of wool, but it looks a kind of cross between velvet and plush. It has the deep smoothness of plush, with the finer and more close-sitting appearance characteristic of the pile of velvet. It comes in excellent colours, the shades seeming to be more gracious and soft than in either velvet or plush. Another novelty not so pleasing is caracul dyed all manner of colours. It began with brown for millinery purposes, but lately there have appeared pieces, chiefly on indoor gowns, of pink and blue and all manner of ridiculous colours. White caracul, of course, is one of the most becoming of furs in a suitable situation—on an opera mantle, for instance.

Picader's sketches show two excellent models for those garments just now so necessary. The long wrap is composed of white cloth and trimmed with a narrow band of sable, and with festoons of lace held by diamond buckles over a deep flounce of accordion-pleated chiffon. The other opera cloak is three-quarter length, and is of black satin daintily decorated with white lace and bands of crmine.

"Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good, and the extraordinarily mild weather of this spring-like winter is blowing us women great advantage in the shape of wonderful bargains in all the warm garments in Messrs. Peter Robinson's sale. The early comer on Monday next will find a really wonderful display at prices that would be beyond belief, but that we know that this large house, to maintain its position in the forefront of fashion, must of necessity let the stock go each season. This time the warm weather has checked buying, and gives us such unusual opportunities as the wise will not fail to take advantage of forthwith. Fancy a full-length opera cloak, cut with a fashionable flounce and full sleeves, in black or coloured brocaded silks, with collar, cuffs, and fronts bordered with fur, finished with thick silk cord, lined quilted silk, for only five and a half guineas! Or a plush coat with large flounced revers of the most costly fur, sable, mink, or chinchilla for less than five pounds! Or a stylish cloth gown trimmed with velvet and fur for 79s. 6d.—the sort of dress for which your tailor still asks ten guineas! These are only specimen prices—go and see for yourself; or, if you cannot do that, write to Oxford Circus for a sale catalogue and choose your bargain thence.

NOTES.

An interesting meeting was recently held at Grosvenor House under the presidency of the Duchess of Westminster, in the unavoidable absence of the Duke, to present Miss Octavia Hill with her own portrait, on behalf of a number of her personal friends and others appreciative of the great work which she has done. It was she who inaugurated the first practical scheme for improving the dwellings of the people. Her plan was novel in its inception, and successfully carried out in a typical "slum" locality. The Dean of

Ripon, who was at one time rector of St. Mary's, Bryanston Square, in the immediate neighbourhood of whose church were situated the houses which Mr. Ruskin bought and handed over to the care of Miss Octavia Hill, spoke at Grosvenor House. He described her as coming to him, almost a girl in years, but full of enthusiasm and ability, with her scheme for revolutionising the conditions of the homes of the poor, not by any external agency, or by what is commonly known as charity, but by working upon themselves. Her plan was by friendly intercourse to elevate their own habits and feelings; at the same time she, as the landlords' agent, keeping their houses in such a condition of repair and decoration as to allow of and encourage the wives and mothers making

the little dwellings worthy of being called *homes*. Miss Octavia Hill's own speech was quite touching, especially when she referred to those who had worked with her in the early days of her struggle, and who have passed away, saying that when she thought of them and her work, it seemed as though those on earth were the



OPERA CLOAK OF WHITE CLOTH TRIMMED WITH SABLE.

passing shadows of the moment, and they who have gone, leaving so much good work finished, were the truly living.

Now we are to have lady architects—one was admitted by the Royal Institute of British Architects at their last meeting—shall we have any improvement in the planning of our dwellings? Domestic work is much harder than it needs must be, because the servants are not studied in building. If even water were laid on to every floor, speaking-tubes ran from the principal chambers to the kitchen, and a service-lift in a corner of the passages allowed coals and trays to be sent up instead of carried, how much heavy labour would be saved the girls! Then the cupboards—did ever an architect put enough or convenient cupboard accommodation in a house? Perhaps the lady architect will show the better way. In America there are many women engaged in this business.

Miss Georgiana Hill moved, at the recent annual meeting of the subscribers to the Royal Hospital for Incurables, a motion which upon several previous occasions was brought forward by her late father, Mr. George Hill. It was to the effect that the board of management should have some lady members added to it. This plea was endorsed by the Earl of Aberdeen, Baroness Burdett-Coutts, and many other influential subscribers; but the present board, for some not very clear reason, opposed it with all their force, sending out a special and urgent whip against it, and it was lost by a large majority. Since last year, it appears, the governors have endeavoured to meet the demand for ladies on the board by appointing a visiting committee of ladies, but of course that is by no means the same thing, as their powers are very limited. The useful work done by the women guardians (of which a tolerably good idea can be formed by those interested from Miss Louisa Twining's autobiography) ought to be sufficient to show how very desirable it is to have women, who are used to housekeeping, co-operating with men in the management of institutions, such as hospitals and workhouses, where many of the questions involved are of a housekeeping nature. The chairman, in opposing Miss Hill's motion on behalf of the board, relied upon two reasons: the first, that some of the diseases with which they had to deal were such that they could not be conveniently arranged for by a mixed committee; and next, that the income of the hospital is so large, about £30,000 a year, that ladies could not possibly be qualified to share in the government of such a sum.

FILOMENA.

OPERA CLOAK OF BLACK SATIN TRIMMED WITH ERMINES.

fashion—puffed over the temples, and held up just behind the ears with small side-combs, from which two or three ringlets droop! The style, it is added, has been adopted by a few of those Parisian women who will do anything to be talked about; but it is highly improbable that the fashion will take any general hold; the gay Parisienne does not make herself such a figure of fun, even for a sensation. Shetland veils for driving, however, may be recommended in our climate—when someone else holds the reins, let it be understood. They are made of extremely fine wool, and though they hide the face they do not seem to obstruct the breath or the eyesight to any great extent, yet they are so warm that they keep the complexion from becoming purple, the tip of the nose from turning red, and,

PRICE SIXPENCE.

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4 Cash Prizes of £25	100	0	0
8 Cash Prizes of £12 10s.	100	0	0
16 Cash Prizes of £9 7s.	100	0	0
20 Sewing Machines, value £5 each	100	0	0
23 Cash Prizes of 2s each	99	0	0
100 Cash Prizes of 2d each	100	0	0
200 Coal Prizes of 10s each	100	0	0
200 Ladies' Umbrellas, value 10s each	100	0	0
600 Cash Prizes of 5s each	150	0	0
400 Ladies' Umbrellas, value 5s each	100	0	0
2000 Boxes of our famous "Nubolic Soap," packed in fancy boxes containing 18 12-oz. Tablets, value 4s per box	400	0	0
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Collect
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Wrappers.Collect
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Wrappers.

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**WON'T WASH CLOTHES.****WON'T WASH CLOTHES.****BROOKE'S****MONKEY BRAND****SOAP**FOR KITCHEN TABLES AND FLOORS,
LINOLEUM AND OILCLOTHS.For Polishing Metals, Marble, Paint, Cutlery, Crockery,
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A NEW SERIAL STORY.

The new serial story, "The Orange Girl," by Sir Walter Besant, which begins in the *Lady's Pictorial* on Jan. 7, deals with the latter half of the eighteenth century—a period which lends itself well to illustration. The story is full of human interest and strongly contrasted character. It opens with a dramatic episode in the old King's Bench prison, and all through the scenes and people are unconventional and well drawn, and the story is many-sided, giving graphic pictures of social, theatrical, musical life, etc., in London of the period—itsself of peculiar interest. On Jan. 7 the same journal will give a heliochrome supplement entitled "Il Penseroso."

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 19, 1897) of Mr. Henry Archibald Tufnell, only son of the late Right Hon. H. Tufnell, of The Grove, Princes Road, Wimbledon Park, who died on Sept. 21, was proved on Dec. 13 by Edward Tufnell, Lieutenant-Colonel in her Majesty's Bodyguard, and the Rev. Frederick Tufnell, the cousins and executors, the value of the estate being £451,604, and the net personalty £219,772. The testator gives £25,000 to his sister, Augusta Theresa Anson Horton, and £25,000 is to be held, upon trust, for her for life, and then divided between her children—Henry, Arthur, Anne, Lucy, and Alice; £5000 to his brother-in-law, Lieutenant-Colonel Alfred Molyneux Cranmer Byng, and a further £15,000, upon trust, for him for life, and then to his children—Lancelot, Hugh, and Harriet Beatrice; £10,000 each to his nephews Henry Anson and Arthur Anson; £5000 each to his nieces Anne Anson, Lucy Frederica Anson, and Alice Mary Anson; £20,000 to his nephew Lancelot Alfred Cranmer Byng; £10,000 to his nephew, Hugh Cranmer Byng; £5000 to his niece, Harriet Beatrice Cranmer Byng; £1000 each to the Great Northern Hospital and the Northern Polytechnic Institution, and £100 to the London City Mission. He bequeathes to the Earl of Rosebery a portrait of the fourth Earl of Rosebery and two views of Dulmeny, and to Lady Margaret Primrose all books with the name or plate of Lady Rosebery therein. He devises certain lands and premises in Dublin and £12,750 to his said nephew, Henry Anson, and his premises called The Grove, and all other lands at Wimbledon, to his cousin, Edward Tufnell. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his cousin, Edward Tufnell.

The will (dated May 4, 1878), with two codicils (dated March 28, 1896, and April 2, 1898), of Mr. Robert Sheddell Sulyarde Cary, of Torre Abbey, Torquay, who died on Sept. 2, was proved on Nov. 10 at the Exeter District



"A PRISON BIRD, MADAM, NOTHING MORE."

From "The Orange Girl," by Sir Walter Besant, in the "Lady's Pictorial," January 7, 1893.

Registry by Charles Joseph Stonor and Arthur Ilington Dymond, the executors, the value of the estate being £349,676, and of the net personalty £52,814. The testator gives annuities of £100 to his cousin, Sulyarde Cary, £50

to his sister Millicent Maria Johnes Coxon, £100 to his sister Edith Agatha Dollin Cary, and a conditional one of £200 to his niece, Millicent Coxon. He also gives his plate, pictures, and household furniture, and an annuity of £3500 to his wife, Mrs. Margaret Mary, and the use, for life, of Torre Abbey; £1500, upon trust, for the Catholic Church of the Assumption at Torquay; £500 to St. Vincent's Orphanage, Torquay; and he charges his estate with the payment of £10,000 to his younger children if more than three, £8000 if two, and £6000 if only one. All his real estate, subject to the life interest of Mrs. Cary in Torre Abbey, and the residue of his personal estate, he leaves to his first and other sons according to seniority in tail male, and in default of such issue, to his daughters as tenants in common in tail, with remainder over to his brother, Lucius Falkland B. Cary.

The will (dated June 15, 1895) of Sir Henry James Hawley, Bart., of Leybourne Grange, Maidstone, Kent, and Hove Lea, Brighton, who died on Oct. 5, was proved on Dec. 14 by Sir Henry Michael Hawley, Bart., and the Rev. Charles Cusack Hawley, the nephews, and George Edgar Frere, the executors, the value of the whole of the estate being £131,946, and of the net personalty £33,189. The testator gives the bust of Sir Joseph Hawley, the racing cups, collection of coins, and the furniture, plate, and household effects at Leybourne Grange to his nephew, Henry Michael; all his other household furniture and effects and £3000 to his niece, Anne Maria Massey; £400 each to his executors; £500 each to his sisters-in-law, Frances and Eva Morant Gale, and £200 to his godson, Leopold Campbell. He devises all his messuages, lands, and premises in Lincolnshire to his nephew, Henry Michael, but charged with the payment of annuities of £200 to his niece, Anne Maria Massey; £150 to his sister, Ellen Catherine Hawley, and £50 to his old housekeeper, Ellen Burns. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his niece, Anne Maria Massey, for life, and then to his nephews and nieces, Joseph Henry Smart, Catherine Smart, Dora Smart, Charles Cusack Hawley, Frederick Hawley, Arthur Hawley, Ada Hawley, Edith Hawley, Kathleen Hawley, Blanche Hawley, Ethel Hawley, and Nina Hawley, or such of them as shall be alive at the death of his niece, Anne Maria Massey.

The will (dated Nov. 29, 1895), with two codicils (dated March 2, and June 11, 1897), of Mr. James Wansey Nathaniel Bentley, of 7, Camden Square, who died on Oct. 16, was proved on Dec. 12 by Moritz Winter and John Edmund Bentley, the surviving executors, the value of the estate amounting to £88,172. After various legacies

12.30 and Washing Done!

Yes, this is a fact; the SUNLIGHT WAY of washing is so quick and easy. Here's the recipe:

Dip the pieces one by one in luke-warm water, draw out on the washboard and rub SUNLIGHT SOAP on lightly, taking care to soap each piece all over. Roll each piece in a tight roll and leave it to soak for about thirty minutes while

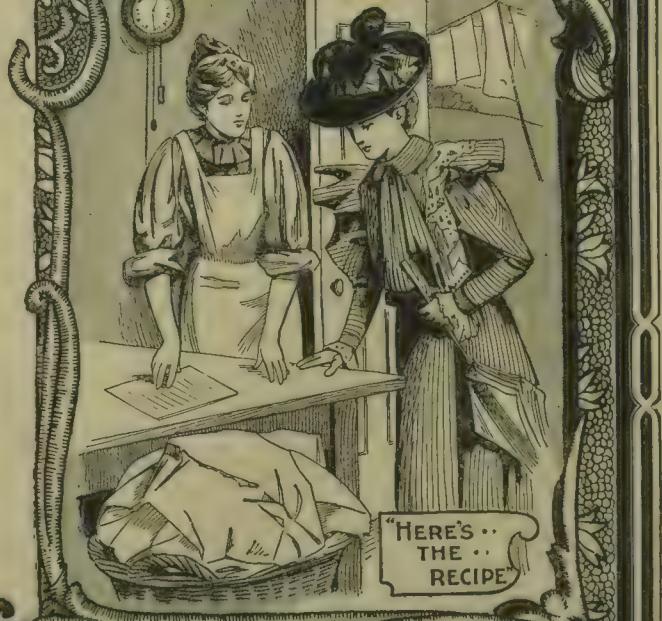
SUNLIGHT SOAP

does its work. After soaking the thirty minutes or so, rub out lightly on the washboard and the DIRT WILL ACTUALLY DROP OUT, then rinse in clear luke-warm water, taking care to get the suds away.

Twenty-eight

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A NATIONAL TOAST LIST.

The Proprietor of Beecham's Pills, knowing well that a number of people when called on for "a toast" at the festive gatherings of the season will feel suddenly at a loss for something to say, ventures to offer the following suggestions, with the comforting conviction that they "fill a long-felt want."

Health to our Queen! Prosperity to her people! and good luck to
 The Prince of Wales, the Royal Family, and every other Family that takes
 May every true Briton enjoy comfort and content, and have plenty of
 Bonny Scotland—may her brawny sons, the descendants of heroes, never lack
 Erin, the Emerald Jewel of the Sea, but never green enough to do without
 Here's to our Soldiers, and the tiny sentinels that keep watch over their health,
 Our Navy—may it ever sail on a sea of glory, and be fortified by a stock of
 Health to every member of the Freemason's Craft—may they never tile the door against
 May old England's sons abroad never forget their mother country and
 Health to the Ladies who wear British Fabrics and take
 The Englishman's Castle, his home, and may it always contain a box of
 Success to the Inventions of Our Country, including that valuable remedy
 What every Briton loves: his Native Land, his Liberty, and his box of
 Health to the four B's: Beauties, Benedicts, Bachelors, and
 Life's four comforts: A Good Wife, a True Friend, a Full Purse, and a box of
 Amidst the World's Changes may we never be tempted to swerve from
 May the population of the world continue to be remarkable for their faith in
 Absent Friends—may all Christmas Hampers include a box of

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YORKSHIRE RELISH

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Mrs. ADA S. BALLIN, Editress of "BABY."

In 1lb. Tins, ONE SHILLING.

to relatives and friends, the testator bequeaths £2000 each to the Royal National Life-boat Institution, the Asylum for the Maintenance and Education of Deaf and Dumb Children (Margate), the Asylum for Idiots (Earlswood), the Asylum for Fatherless Children (Reedham), the Royal Hospital for Incurables, the London Orphan Asylum, the Cancer Hospital, the Great Northern Central Hospital, the Warehousesmen, Drapers, and Clerks Schools, and the Royal Free Hospital (Gray's Inn Road); £1000 each to the Metropolitan Hospital, the German Hospital, St. Mary's Hospital (Paddington), the North-West London Hospital, the Hospital for Sick Children (Great Ormond Street), the Cheyne Hospital for Sick and Incurable Children (Cheyne Row), the Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest (Brompton), the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, the Royal Sea-Bathing Infirmary (Margate), the London Society for Teaching the Blind, and the National Benevolent Institution; £500 each to Charing Cross Hospital, Guy's Hospital, St. Thomas' Hospital, Poplar Hospital, and the London Hospital; £100 each to the Unitarian Church called Unity Chapel, Islington, the British and Foreign Unitarian Society, Essex Hall, Mansfield Chapel and Mission, the London Domestic Mission Society, the London District Unitarian Society, the Ministers Benevolent Association for the relief of Unitarian ministers and their widows, and the Sunday School Society, Essex Hall; and £20 to the Free Christian Church, Clarence Road, Kentish Town. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves for such charitable institutions in England and in such proportions as his executors, in their absolute discretion, shall think fit.

The will (dated Jan. 31, 1893) of Mr. Arthur Wells Gardner-Woolletton, of Lethew Grange, Sydenham, and

88, High Street, Southwark, who died on Sept. 24, was proved on Dec. 15 by Norman Bruce Elliot and William Henry Gater, the executors, the value of the estate being £74,023. The testator bequeaths £1000, his share in the English stock of the Stationers' Company, and his household furniture and effects, except engravings, which are to be sold by Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Co., to his wife, Mrs. Amy Gardner-Woolletton; £100 each to his brothers Cecil and Bernard, his sisters Maud (the wife of the Bishop of Ripon), Ethel, Mabel, and Beatrice, his partner J. G. R. Pelly, and his nephew Constant Wells Ponder; legacies to persons in his employ; and £50 per annum each to his executors during the continuance of the trusts of his will. Should his wife give up her right to a policy of insurance for £10,000, then an annuity of £1200 is to be paid to her during her widowhood, or £500 per annum in the event of her remarriage; but should she not resign such policy, then an annuity of £500 is to be paid to her for widowhood only. Subject thereto, the whole of his property is to be held upon certain trusts for his four daughters.

The will (dated May 29, 1898) of the Hon. Maria Louisa Carleton, of 11, South Audley Street, who died on Oct. 10, was proved on Dec. 6 by Robert Nathaniel Cecil George, Lord Zouche, and Henry Anson, the executors, the value of the estate being £64,297. She bequeathes £1500, upon trust, to the minister and churchwardens of Nately Scures, for maintaining in proper repair the family vault, containing the remains of her mother and father, and to apply the balance of income for the benefit of the poor of such parish; £25 to the Incumbent of Gresvenor Chapel, South Audley Street, to be distributed either in annual payments or otherwise among the poor of that district belonging to the said chapel; £3000 to her

executors, upon trust, to be distributed by them between the Cancer Hospital, Fulham Road, and such hospitals for the benefit of incurable patients as they may think fit, one hospital at least for incurable children to be included in those selected; £1000 as an endowment fund for the National Society for the Employment of Epileptics, 12, Buckingham Street, Strand; £1000 as an endowment fund for the Hostel of St. Luke (16, Nottingham Place); £500 to the Church Army Corporation (128 and 130, Edgware Road); £250 each to the Church of England Central Corporation for Providing Homes for Waifs and Strays (Church House, Dean's Yard); the Poor Clergy Relief Corporation (36, Southampton Street), and the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy (2, Bloomsbury Place); and £200 each to the East London Nursing Society (Philpot Street, Commercial Road), and the Fund for the Restoration of the Church at Coton in the Elms, Derby. She also gives a necklace, given to her by the Empress Eugenie, to Lord Zouche; £3000, and part of her jewels, to her cousin, the Hon. Dacea Curzon; £2000 to her godson, Dudley Massey Piggott Carleton; £500 each to Mabel Bentinck, Louisa Campbell, her cousins Lucy Anson, Alice Anson, and Arthur Anson, Mrs. Jane Emma Carr Lloyd, Mrs. Constance Mary Wallington, and the Rev. Carew St. John Mildmay; £1500 between the daughters of the Rev. Lovelace Bigg Wither, and legacies and specific gifts to friends, executors, and servants. The residue of her property she leaves between the Hon. Dacea Curzon and Dudley Massey Piggott Carleton.

The will (dated March 4, 1893) of Mr. George Armitage Southam, of Springfield, Pendlebury, near Manchester, grandson of the late Sir Elkanah Armitage, and a director of Sir E. Armitage and Sons, Limited, cotton-spinners,

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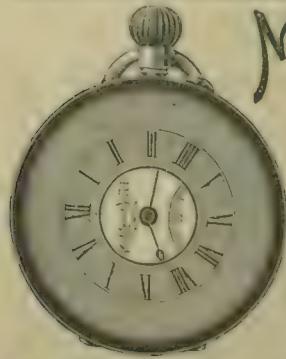
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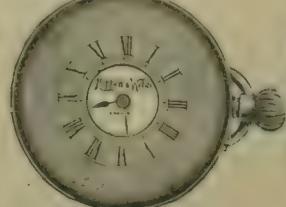


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who died on Sept. 18, was proved at the Manchester District Registry on Nov. 4 by Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Satch, the widow of Fitzroy Ambrose Satch, M.D., the brother, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £17,200. The testator bequeaths £100 to his wines and consumable stores to his wife, and £100 to his brother Pleydell. The residue of his property is left, upon trust, for his wife during his life, and then between all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Sept. 21, 1885), with a codicil of the same date, and six others undated, of Mr. Gerard Coke Meynell, of 11, Rutland Gate, who died on Nov. 20, was proved on Dec. 10 by Percy Leigh Pemberton, the nephew and executor, the value of the personal estate being £28,131. The testator gives 170 shares in the Norfolk Land and General Railway to his nephew Henry Newton Alleyne; 110 shares in the London and South Western Railway to his brother Hugo Meynell; the remainder of his shares in the said company and his King's Lynn Dock Stock and East London Railway Stock to his great-nephew Godfrey Meynell; £5000, upon trust, to his brother Henry for distribution among the grandchildren of their father; £10,000, upon trust, to pay £100 per annum to his brother David, £50 per annum to his niece, Marion, and the remainder of the income between the mother and children of his great-nephew, Hugo and Godfrey, and subject thereto to his great-nephew Godfrey; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his nephew Percy Leigh Pemberton.

The will (dated May 31, 1898) of Mr. Ambrose Lethbridge Goddard, of the Manor House, Bournemouth, M.P. for Cricklade 1847-68 and 1874-80, who died on Nov. 15, was proved on Dec. 15 by Fitzroy Pleydell Goddard and the Rev. Charles Frederick Goddard, the sons and executors, the value of the estate amounting to £15,463. The testator gives £2000 to his wife, Mrs. Charlotte Goddard, and a policy of insurance for £5000 is to be held, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to her for life, then, upon trust, for his daughter Jessie Howard Goddard, his son with her, and then upon the funds of his library estate. He also gives £50 each to his daughter Caroline Phillimore, Clara C. Verschoyle, and Alice M. Mure, his brother Frederick, and Edward Fisher; £100 to his son Charles Frederick; and

legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his son Fitzroy Pleydell.

The will (dated May 2, 1888) of Dame Amelia Jessel, widow of Sir George Jessel, Master of the Rolls, of 7, Grosvenor Place, who died on Sept. 27, was proved on Dec. 12 by Sir Charles James Jessel, the son and sole executor, the value of the estate being £6000. Subject to a legacy of £500 to her son Herbert Merton Jessel, she leaves all her property to her son Sir Charles James Jessel.

The will of Mr. Frank Andrew, J.P., of Nowellthorpe, Ashton-under-Lyne, who died on Oct. 3, has been proved by Mrs. Louisa Andrew, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £2747.

AN ARMFUL OF OAK-LEAVES.

BY MRS. EDMUND GOSSE.

An armful of oak-leaves, a bunch of chrysanthemums! What do they say?

The blossoms tell of sunset colours, of the whiteness of snow, of the cold yellow of the new-riven dawn. Their perfume recalls the resinous air of fir-trees; the smell, too, of a moss-grown hazel-wood hangs about them—of the hazelnuts also, as well as of the occasional mushroom and of Spenser's "griesie todestoole."

The oak-sprays—what of them? Their rustlings tell of the hilltops, of the rain-bringing breezes that sweep up from the valleys below. Their music is individual, a long slinking note with a crisp termination—

For all their groves, with which the heavenly noyses
Of their sweet instruments were wont to sound,
And th' hollow hills, from which their silver voices
Were wont redoubtless echoes to rebound.

Each tree has its own particular music. The voices of the trees are as diverse as are the notes of the birds that warble among their branches.

The blind man, if he loves Nature, knows which tree is singing to him, and what is its song. He recognises the monotonous rustle of the beech, the crisp flutter of the

"trembling-tree," the deep dragging sigh of the horse-chestnut, the whispering hum of the elm; while the faint whistle of the "upright oak" is contrasted by the irregular rattle of its bunches of key-like pods, calls in particular to his attention. The loss of my stately boughs of the oak, with its irregular cadences, has delighted the poets of all times. It is the tree loved of nymphs of shepherds, of Pan and of Orpheus. It is there, among its branches, "Where hamadryads sit and sing," Landor's Rhaicos asks—

What so beautiful
As that grey robe which clings about thee close,
Like moss to stones adhering, leaves to trees,
Yet lets thy bosom rise and fall in turn,
As, touch by zephyrs, fall and rise the boughs
Of graceful platan by the riverside.

Spenser, too, describing the music of Orpheus, says—

And th' oaks, deep grounded in the earthly molde,
Did move, as if they could him understand;
And the shrill woods, which were of sense bereav'd,
Through their hard bark his silver sound receiv'd.

Then beyond all this music of the woods is heard the constant murmur of the pine-trees, far away upon the hilltops; it rises and falls, first gently, then more declamatorily, the sounds increasing from sighs and gentle sobs to moans, until

The bending trees express a groan.

Their branches, rubbing one against another, give forth shrill cries, followed by the snapping of stems, and fircones come rattling down, and fall with a dull thud on to the ground, which is soft and springy with the accumulation of the pine-needles of centuries—

You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wng their high tops and to make no noise
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven.

Thus do the poets tell of Nature's woodland beauties. But to render adequately and permanently the charms of her music needs the sensitiveness of the musician as well; only he can write down her songs, her meadow harmonies, her tree solos, and her powerful full forest orchestral effects.

Oh, to possess that gift, to be that poet-musician!

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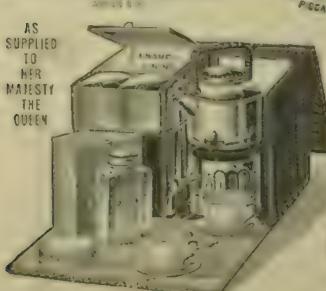
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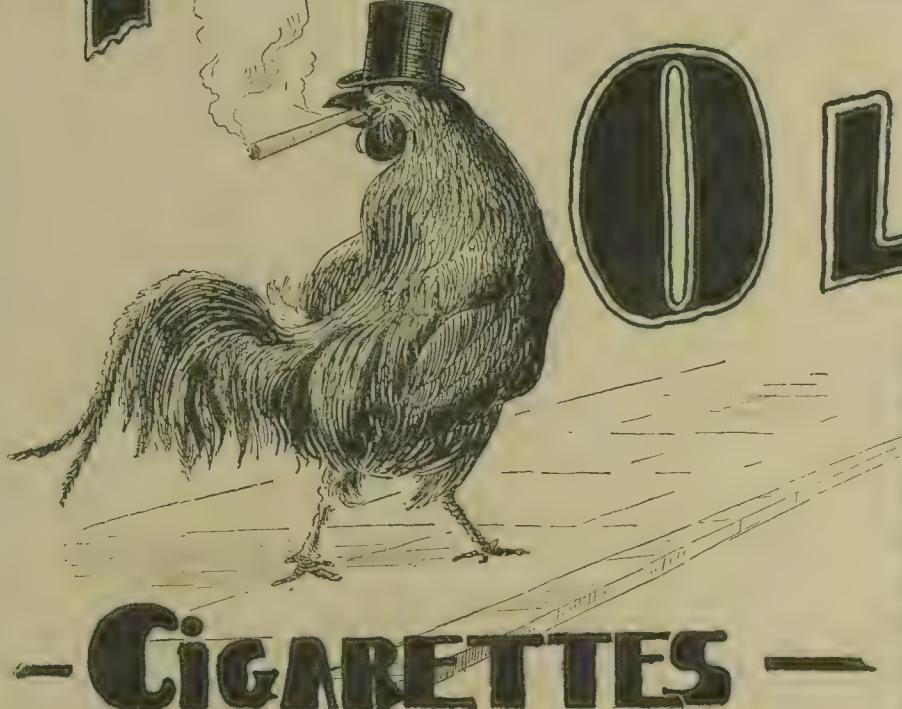
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D. R. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—The Right Hon. Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians and J. T. Davenport that he had received information to the effect that the only remedy of any service in cholera was Chlorodyne.—See "Lancet," Dec. 31, 1898.

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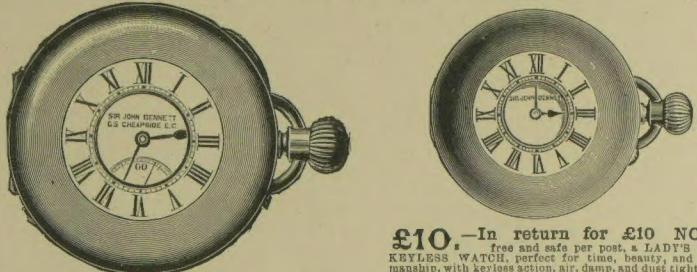


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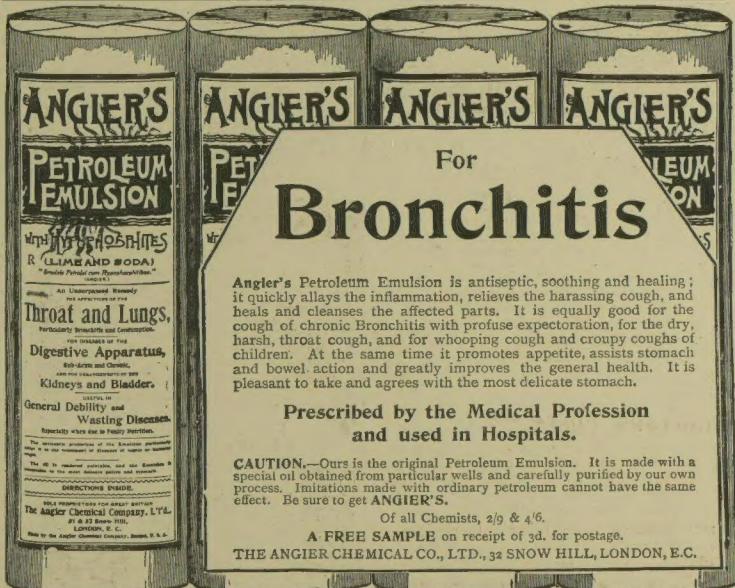
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REVIEWS.

Annals of Westminster School. By John Sargeant. (Methuen.)
Life of Vice-Admiral Edmund, Lord Lyons. By Captain S. Eardley-Wilmot, R.N. (Sampson Low and Co.)

A Social Highwayman. By Elizabeth Phipps Train. Illustrated by F. McKernan. (Ward, Lock, and Co.)
The Rogues' Paradise. An Extravaganza. By Edwin Pugh and Charles Gleig. (James Bowden.)
Reflections of a Russian Statesman. By K. P. Pobedonostseff. Translated from the Russian by Robert Crozier Long. With a Preface by Olga Novikoff. (Grant Richards.)
A Popular Handbook to the Tate Gallery. By Edward T. Cook (Macmillan and Co.)
The Great Campaigns of Nelson. By William O'Connor Morris. (Blackie.)

Westminster is not the oldest, nor the most famous of the Public Schools, but it is far nearer and dearer to the capital than any other educational influence. In the midst

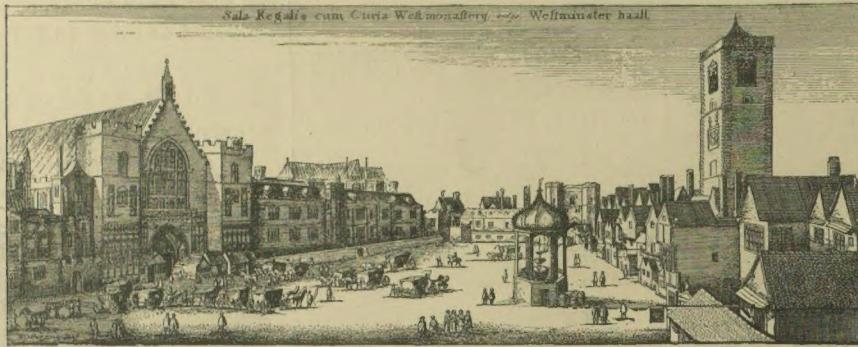
with two boats' crews on the harbour of Marrack. The attack was contrary to orders, but the Admiralty had the good sense to punish his disobedience with promotion. Lyons proved incidentally so good a diplomatist in naval dealings with Greece that Palmerston made him Minister there, and subsequently he occupied a similar post at Berne and Stockholm. For eighteen years he pursued a diplomatic career. It was only when war was threatened with Russia in 1853 that he was recalled to the service of the Navy. He went with the Mediterranean Fleet to the Black Sea, first as second in command and eventually as Commander-in-Chief. Between himself and Lord Raglan there was much mutual respect. The fleet did not perform any of those deeds which become the theme of fame, but its operations were greatly appreciated by the Ministers at home, and Admiral Lyons earned his peerage. His last public duty was to command the squadron of honour which,

such a law is passed and the detectives have their man under their very hand, they are persuaded, in the irresistible scene with which the story closes, to arrest a hapless Baronet whose own son is seduced by love into bearing witness against him. "The Rogues' Paradise" is a really delightful extravaganza.

M. Pobedonostseff's "Reflections of a Russian Statesman," translated by Mr. Crozier Long and prefaced with a characteristic introduction by Madame Olga Novikoff, deserves the attention due to an eminently thoughtful and representative man. For M. Pobedonostseff has obviously by his sincerity and his ability deserved the august trusts committed to him as tutor of the late Czar and as Procurator of the Holy Synod of Russia. At the same time, to English readers his denunciation of Parliaments, juries, a free Press, and universal and compulsory education, and his appreciation of the blessings of political freedom and of religious tolerance enjoyed to-day by the Russian people, will seem like a burlesque and Gilbertian inversion of the self-evident truth. The book, in fact, is an answer to those only who hold that Parliamentary government, etc., are adaptable to all countries and peoples and to all times and stages of civilisation—*sempor, ubique et ab omnibus*. To these it's answer is conclusive; but to those who hold that such institutions are but a transient stage in the evolution of government from the primitive type represented by that of Russia, M. Pobedonostseff has nothing of weight to say.

Mr. E. T. Cook has supplemented his well-known and justly popular Handbook to the Trafalgar Square Collection by a similar work on the Tate Gallery. The new Catalogue has the same merits as its predecessor—admirable arrangement, lucid expression, and the presentation of a mass of interesting facts about the pictures and their painters. In some respects Mr. Cook has a better field at Milbank than at the older collection. In the latter he has perforce to touch lightly on all schools and styles of painting, and to give his readers some elementary notion not only of the English, but of the Spanish, Tuscan, Venetian, Dutch, and French. But in the handbook before us he is only compelled to deal with British artists, and this lends to his series of miniature essays (for such, in reality, his notes are) a greater unity of interest and harmony of treatment. Moreover, the subject is one that specially appeals to him. About painting and painters in general the accomplished editor of the *Daily News* knows a great deal; but on the English school he is almost an expert, and his knowledge is both wide and deep. Practically, almost everything that the ordinary non-professional picture-lover can want to know is given him in this small volume. It is a quite fascinating *mélange* of biography, criticism, anecdotes, and artistic history, and is as entertaining as it is instructive. It ought to send many people to the Tate Gallery, and enable them to enjoy the pictures with a much more intelligent appreciation when they get there.

In short space, in popular language, Mr. Morris has done better than merely tell the story of St. Vincent, the Nile, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar. For the convenience of



WESTMINSTER IN 1650, AFTER HOLLAR.

From "Annals of Westminster School," published by Messrs. Methuen and Co.

of much modernity it brings down with it the traditions of a picturesque past—for instance, the Westminster Play—and its story makes delightful reading. In the three hundred pages at his disposal Mr. Sargeant has packed an enormous amount of information in a non-antiquarian way. That is a very great achievement. The origin of Westminster School is lost in the obscurity of the Middle Ages, but the beginning of its present life dates from 1560 and the pious bounty of Queen Elizabeth. The "Queen's scholars" had to rise at five in the morning to a thundering "Surge!" and go through a day's work so hard that they could obtain formal leave to have a nap in the school-room. The great name among the early Head Masters—Udall, the author of the first English comedy, reigned in 1555—was the famous Busby, who occupied the period 1638 to 1695. He was not only a scholar, but an inspiring enthusiast; while the most potent of all his influences was his power over the conscience. The chapters dealing with him are of first-rate importance to everybody interested in education. Since his day the school has had a most honourable history, with an unfortunate period of decline in the early part of the present century. Under Liddell, however, Westminster revived, and even excelled its old prestige. To the student of literature this book is of peculiar interest, inasmuch as it shows him something of the genesis of London literature, for the school has nursed "literary giants." Mr. Sargeant might have added to his excellent appendixes a list of the more famous scholars to whom he refers in the text at various parts. The illustrations, old prints and modern drawings alike, are excellently reproduced, and the index is a joy to the reader. It would be impossible here to condense a tenth part of Mr. Sargeant's subject-matter. Suffice it to say he has written a book which is interesting not merely to old Westminster boys, but to the most casual reader. He has done that difficult task with rare skill, and the school that nestles by the great Abbey is all the richer to-day through his work.

The first Lord Lyons was a seaman. He received his peerage on account of services in the Crimean War. These services were not so romantic as those of Hawke and Jervis and Nelson, but they justify the biography prepared by Captain S. Eardley-Wilmot, and many readers inspired by Mr. Rudyard Kipling will peruse it without thinking that it is written on too professional a scale. There was a personal likeness between Lord Lyons and his hero, Nelson. "He had the same features, the same complexion, the same profusion of grey, inclining to white, hair, the same eager and half-melancholy look." Edmund Lyons went to sea before he was twelve years of age, and early in his career was on the frigate the *Active*, in the Mediterranean, while Nelson waited and watched for the French fleet. When Lieutenant on the *Minden*, in connection with the conquest of Jaya, he established his reputation as a dashing officer by the daring and successful attack which he made

in 1858, escorted the Queen to Cherbourg. Soon afterwards he died at Arundel Castle, where he had gone on a visit to his daughter, the Duchess of Norfolk. There is a statue to this good Englishman and brilliant seaman in St. Paul's.

Miss Elizabeth Phipps Train's exciting tale, "A Social Highwayman," ought to have had for its motto, "Honour among thieves." The dupe of the story, who takes advantage of his high social position and of his consummate legerdemain to rob his rich friends of their superfluous wealth in order to provide for his aged mother and to relieve the distressed poor, so endears himself to the hardened thief he has chosen for his valet that when detection is about to overtake the master the servant steps forward to assume his guilt. The master thief, however, surpasses his underling and even himself in magnanimity, for, in the very moment of making



BRITISH, FRENCH, TURKISH, AND EGYPTIAN FLEETS IN BEICOS BAY.

From the "Life of Lord Admiral Lyons," published by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co.

a full confession of his guilt, he saves the heroine's life at the cost of his own. The second story in the book, "A Professional Beauty," is hardly less interesting, is much more edifying, and has the advantage of a happy ending.

The thieves of Messrs. Edwin Pugh and Charles Gleig's "The Rogues' Paradise" are less magnanimous but more amusing. Mr. Jabez Balfour seems to have sat for the portrait of the leading rogue and philanthropist, who finds a refuge in an Alsacia where no extradition law can touch him—the rogues' paradise. When, however,

busy readers, he has drawn from the very best authorities, especially from Mahan's "Sea Power," accurate information concerning the conditions of naval warfare in Nelson's time, and has described the relative strength of the French and English, not merely in ships and mechanical equipment, but in intellectual force and in *morale* as well. In most histories the result appears as a foregone conclusion, since the balance of skill and gallantry are all reputed to have been ours. Not so do we read the tale here. Mr. Morris has written a capital story-book and given likewise an austere lesson in the cost of efficiency.

FACES AND PLACES.

SOME WIDESPREAD ANECDOTES.

The characteristic portraits which illustrate the following cases speak, in a way, for themselves. The face is a guide to character, and the candour and intelligence of the people whose likenesses here illustrate their words speak for themselves. It will be noted that in each instance a first-hand statement, taken down in shorthand from the actual lips of the person represented, has been obtained, and that, at the same time, the anecdotes come from different places in this country. The first interview is, for instance, from Brixton, S.W., and is condensed from a verbatim report in the most important of all the South London newspapers.

A COLLEGE TEACHER'S STORY.

The story that Miss Mary Ward told to the *South London Press* was of more than common interest. Miss Ward is one of the mistresses at St. John's College, Brixton. She had been the subject of that most distressing of female complaints, Anaemia.

"For some years," Miss Ward explained, "I had a feeling of great weakness, which, together with the pallor of my face, denoted that my health was not what it should be. It was, however, only during the past year or two—I am now twenty-one—that I felt myself sinking into a very bad condition of health. With the greatest difficulty I kept at my scholastic duties; and my misery was aggravated by the frequent remarks addressed to me as to the palor of my face and general appearance of bad health. Ordinary doctors' medicine seemed to do no good. I seemed to be growing worse and worse, and very frequently I felt as though I really must give up. At the conclusion of a day's work I was quite prostrated. A few months since my father was advised by a family friend to bring to my notice Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He did so, and, as an experiment, I bought a box. I confess with gratitude that before I had finished the pills in that box I felt much better. For one thing, my appetite improved surprisingly; those 'heat flushes' which so often distressed me were more the exception than the rule, and I began really to feel myself equal to my duties. As I continued with this medicine, so I improved, and my health, which at one time seemed to threaten my professional prospects, is now such as to open out a bright future."

Miss Ward's home is at "Holmleigh," 3, St. Brannock's Park, Ilfracombe, and her father confirms his daughter's happy return to a fit state of health for her arduous duties.

Many people (like Miss Ward) are pale, sallow, and languid, always tired, never hungry, unable to digest their food, breathless and palpitating at the heart after slight exertion, so that it is a trouble to go upstairs. They are "Anaemic," doctors tell them, which is Greek for having "too little blood." Are your gums pale instead of being scarlet? Pull down your eyelid: is the lining of it bloodshot and pale? That is where "too little blood" shows. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new blood.

The next case is related by a worthy man at Tilbury, and is described in a graphic article reprinted word for word from the local paper.

A FALL FROM A LADDER.

Mounting my bicycle the other day, writes a reporter of the *East Essex and Halstead Times*, I rode out to the village of Tilbury to gather some particulars respecting an incident which has lately been the subject of much talk among the people in that neighbourhood, and the circumstances of which, all will agree on reading them, are worthy of being put on record. The matter was brought to my notice in a very simple way.

"How are you today, Mr. Wright?" asked one gentleman of another in Clare Market not long since. The person addressed was Mr. Ambrose Wright, seedsman, Tilbury, who is well known in all the markets for some distance around, and who replied that he was quite well. A passer-by overheard the words, and knowing Mr. Wright intimately, he interjected the remark: "You quite well! I know you have not been well these twenty years." "Nevertheless," rejoined Mr. Wright, "I am well now."

The unfortunate accident which Mr. Ambrose Wright met with some twenty-eight years ago, and the consequences that resulted from it are well known throughout the countryside. While assisting in thatching some stacks he happened to overbalance himself and fall from the top of a long ladder, breaking his thigh and sustaining grave injuries internally. For months he lay in bed, hovering, as it were, 'twixt life and death. Under the care of a

competent surgeon, his bones gradually mended, but he was obliged to keep his bed for long after that, owing to a singular circumstance. He was utterly unable to retain what he ate. "I was medically treated for years," said Mr. Wright to me when I had mentioned my business to him, "but ordinary medicines could do me little good in this respect. I vomited five or six times a day regularly for twenty years and more, and was reduced to a skeleton. I got little good from my food, as nothing would stay on my stomach. Last August my daughter was down spending her holidays, and while I was driving her to the railway-station she said, 'Father, you have taken almost everything. Will you try some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills?' I had taken so much stuff of all kinds that I felt disgusted with medicines, but I promised my daughter I would try the pills, and, thanks to her kindness and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I am another man to-day."

In reply to further questions, Mr. Wright said he began to feel the benefit of the pills almost at once. At first he took three or four a day, but now finds a dose once or twice a week sufficient. "I used to be as thin as a match," he observed, "but you see I am not much that way now. I can eat almost anything and feel very much stronger," and his rosy and healthy appearance certainly seemed to justify his words.

"Are you ever troubled at all with your food now?" I inquired, after hearing this remarkable testimony to the efficacy of this well-known medicine.

"Very seldom," Mr. Wright replied; "and if I am, it is usually owing to some bad odour. It is now six weeks since I vomited at all, and I had done it some thousands of times in my life before. Another curious thing is, I used not to be able to smoke, but now I can do that without any inconvenience." He is loud in his praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and willingly gave his sanction to my telling his story in the paper.

No complaint is more common, and none less easy to cure permanently, than the disorder which is commonly called, when chronic, dyspepsia, and when it breaks out in a violent attack, indigestion. Mr. Wright appears to have suffered from the disease in both forms, and has undoubtedly been cured permanently by the remedy named. There is no greater mistake than the common belief that purgative medicines are good for dyspepsia. Such medicines have their use and place, and are almost always desirable to be taken before tonic treatment is commenced. But in no true sense are they a cure for any disorder. After a purgative, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, taken in the doses prescribed, are known to have cured many very obstinate cases of acute and chronic dyspepsia.

THE INFLUENCE OF INFLUENZA

is the subject of a conversation, reported by the *Glamorgan Free Press*, with Mr. John Holland, of 25, William Street, Cilfynydd, near Pontypridd, Wales, who was, in the opinion of that journal, brought back to health and vigour under miraculous circumstances. An athletic, broad-shouldered man, standing 6 ft. in his socks, Mr. Holland is twenty-six years of age and single. Two years ago he was attacked by influenza, and from that time his experience was one of great suffering. For eighteen months he was too ill to do any work, but he was fortunately induced to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after taking two or three boxes resumed work, his wonted good health having been fully restored to him, notwithstanding his disease was undoubtedly Consumption, brought on by an attack of influenza.

"I felt so weak," he said, "that life seemed a burden to me. As I lay in bed I perspired so freely that the bed and bedclothes were wringing wet. The doctor had a very poor opinion of my case, as I was at a dangerous age for Consumption. Although the influenza had left me I became gradually weaker, until I could scarcely drag one foot before the other. I never really recovered from this, and Consumption came on. It was while I was in this low state, having lost all hope of recovery, that someone suggested to me the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and before I had taken all the first box I began to feel better. Now, after taking two or three boxes, I feel as strong and healthy as ever I did in my life. In fact I do not wish to have better health than I now enjoy."

"And you attribute your recovery solely to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills?"

"Yes, indeed I do. As I told you, I took no end of medicine, without getting any better; but directly I took some of these pills I felt myself gradually getting stronger."

In cases of debility or weakness from any cause, the prompt action of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is remarkable. They literally create strength and energy.

Influenza may lead to Consumption if neglected. It had already done so in Mr. Holland's case. Night sweats, one of the most certain symptoms of the dreaded Consumption, had already commenced; he was advised to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and they saved his life.

A GIRL LIKE A SHADOW.

It was on Tuesday afternoon, Oct. 19, 1897, that I was deputed, writes a *North Bucks Advertiser* reporter, to call on a young lady who, it was reported, was marvellously recovering from a serious illness. "No. 11, King Street, Stony Stratford," was the address given me, and I found the young lady and her mother at home. "Some two years ago," said Miss Gentilla Lines, "I began to feel ill. I hardly knew what was the matter with me. I suffered from loss of appetite, sick headache, shortness of breath, and anaemia. I tried various medicines and pills, but

they did not seem to do me any good. While staying at Hastings with my sister I consulted a doctor, but his medicine did me no good; I got so bad I could hardly walk upstairs."

Mrs. Lines here chimed in, and said, "My daughter got quite like a shadow. She had no appetite, and seemed listless and weary."

"I understand, Miss Lines," queried the reporter, "that you have been taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Have they done you any good?"

"Yes," replied that young lady, "my sick headache has disappeared, and I do not now suffer (as I suffered formerly) from the distressing shortness of breath. My appetite has improved wonderfully, and I am hoping, after continuing the pills a little longer, to be quite well."

THE MEANING OF IT ALL.

These cases are printed with the object of showing what results have been beyond doubt obtained by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Prejudice against advertised medicines undoubtedly exists, and if no *proof* were offered of the remarkable cases published by Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, the public would have a right to be sceptical. But in these and in hundreds of other cases, the full names and addresses of the persons cured are published without reserve, the names of reputable newspapers are given whose reporters were permitted by the newspaper proprietors to make unbiased investigation, no restriction whatever having been placed on their researches, and in every possible way the fullest investigation is courted by the advertisers of this medicine. Readers who are not satisfied by this must be hard to convince. There exists equally good evidence (cheerfully furnished on the request of any correspondent, provided the name of *The Illustrated London News* is quoted as containing this offer) of the cure of cases of anaemia, general weakness, loss of appetite, palpitation, shortness of breath, early decay, all forms of female weakness, hysteria, paralysis, locomotor ataxy, rheumatism, sciatica, scrofula, rickets, chronic erysipelas, consumption of the bowels and lungs.

Dr. Williams' Pills are not a purgative, and contain nothing that could injure the most delicate. They are genuine only with the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and are sold by Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., at 2s. 9d. a box, or six boxes for 18s. 9d., post free. They invigorate the system after overwork, worry, and indiscretion.

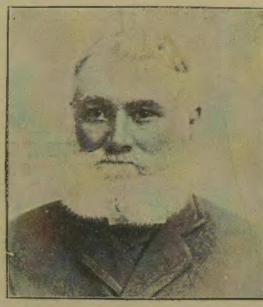
The world-wide demand excited solely by the merits of the Pills, as disclosed in the Company's advertising and its reports of the actual words and experience of reputable people who have used them, is shown by the long list of the offices and representatives of the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company here reproduced (with additions) from a former announcement.

The Head Office of the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company is at Brockville, Ontario, Canada. The following are the Branches and Agencies: For Great Britain and Ireland—Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. For the United States of America—Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, New York, U.S.A. For India—Treacher and Co., Limited, Bombay, and Smith, Stanisstreet and Co., Calcutta; also Colombo Apothecaries' Co., Colombo, Ceylon. For South America—Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Casilla del Correo, 1390, Buenos Ayres. For Australia—Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Queen's Place, Sydney, N.S.W.; Rocke, Tompsett and Co. (Wholesale Druggists), Melbourne, Victoria; Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Industrial Chambers, King William Street, Adelaide, South Australia; Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Darragh's Buildings, Queen Street, Brisbane, Queensland; F. H. Faulding and Co., Perth, Western Australia; A. P. Miller and Son, Hobart, Tasmania. For New Zealand—Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, care of Messrs. Sharland and Co., Wellington. For Hawaii—Hollister Drug Co., Limited, Honolulu. For New Caledonia—C. W. Kresser, Nouméa. For Cochin China—F. Berenguier, Pharmacy, Saigon. For Madagascar—Société Anonyme Pharmaceutique, Tamatave. For Réunion—Turpin do Morel, Pharmacy, Saint-Denis. For Java—J. A. F. van den Hout. Willems, Pharmacy, Batavia. For South Africa—43, Long Street, Cape Town. For Egypt—M. Fischer, Alexandria and Cairo. For Asia Minor—Charles M. Fry, Pharmacy, Smyrna; Nahoum and Attimus, Pharmacy, Beyrouth. For the European Continent—Chief Continental Dépôt, Gabin and Cie, Cité Trévise, 3, Paris, France. For Belgium—A. Deruelle, Pharmacy, Boulevard de Waterloo, Brussels. For Holland—H. Snabilé, Rotterdam. For Switzerland—P. Doy and F. Cartier, Geneva. For Portugal—James Cassels and Co., Oporto. For Turkey—Economic Co-operative Society, Limited, Constantinople. For Greece—J. Joannidis and Co. (Piraeus), Athens. For Bulgaria—N. J. Stransky, Pharmacy, Sofia. For Servia—Dr. Gyurits, Pharmacy, Belgrade. For Hungary—Ló Egger and J. Egger, Pharmacy, Budapest.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may also be had under their French title, *Pilules Pink pour Personnes Pâles du Dr. Williams*, at the following Continental Pharmacies: For Germany—Lucas's Apotheke, Berlin. For Austria—Salvator-Apotheke, Vienna. For Spain—Salvador Alsina, Barcelona. For Denmark—Th. Løse and Co., Copenhagen. For Italy—George Baker and Co., Rome.



MISS MARY WARD.

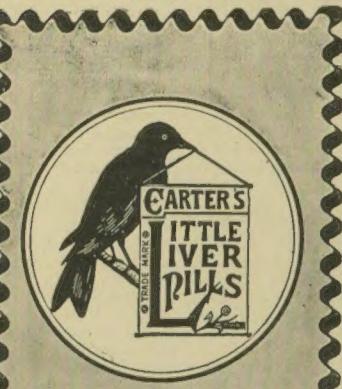


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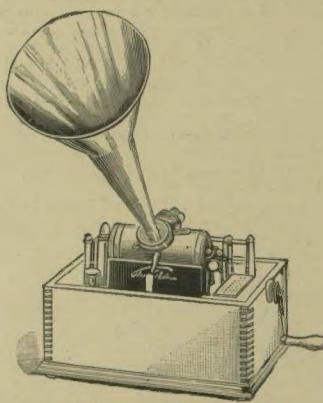
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inside Father
Christmas, and
will talk
and sing to the
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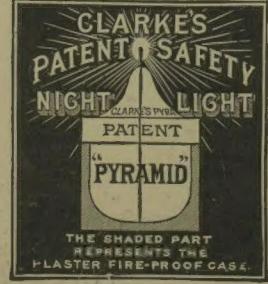
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